



FRONTISPIECE.

to Vol. II.



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THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN FOUR VOLUMES COMPLETE.
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

Carefully collated and compared with former EDITIONS:

TOGETHER WITH
NOTES from the various CRITICS and COMMENTATORS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXVIII.

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WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES: COMPLETE.

WITH HIS

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,



BY J. K. L. N. T.

AS THEY APPEAR IN THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS:

AND

WITH THE VARIANTS OF THE MANUSCRIPTS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Johnson, and sold by W. & A. G. Smith, No. 1, Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXII.

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ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first Publication of the following EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious*, or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

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I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by teachers as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of a letter to the Juniors of Harvard, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Westman at Harpsburgh) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereas, to those who know me not, a true information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own reluctance to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the writers of the anonymous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have detached their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

EPISTLE





Shut, shut the Door good John, fatigued I said.

Ep. to Arbuthnot.

Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT;
BEING THE
P R O L O G U E
TO THE
S A T I R E S.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20

All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life ! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove ?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ? 30
 A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped.

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye :
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

I fit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40

Nine years ! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect ? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : "You know his grace,
 "I want a patron ; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
 "Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him ? Curl invites to dine,
 "He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage !"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
" And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :
" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks ; 65
At last he whispers, " Do ; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
His very minister who spy'd 'em first,
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A. Good friend forbear ! you deal in dang'rous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ; 76
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing ! if they bite and kick ?
Out with it, DUNCIAD ! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass : 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee break, 85
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unhook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribler ? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew : 90
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines !
Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer, 95
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer ?

And

And has not Colly still his lord, and whore ?
 His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor ?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit ? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold ; for God-sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe !"

There are, who to my person pay their court : 115
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and, " Sir ! you have an eye"—
 Go on, obliging creatures ; make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 " Just so immortal Maro held his head :"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wise,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT ! thy art and care,
 And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But

TO THE SATIRES.

7

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
 And knowing Walsb, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
 Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
 Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage ; I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
 The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest satire bad translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chase !
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like Cato, gave his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210

While

While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their fight: 220
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)

No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead 135
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
'Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill !
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still ! 250
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 Blest be the Great ! for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me ; for they left me GAY ;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn ! 260
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too !
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please :
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs :
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead. 270
 Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
 Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
 " I found him close with Swift—Indeed ! no doubt 275
 " (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
 " No, such a genius never can lie still ;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes. 280
 Poor guileless I ! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style ?
 Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !

But

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out : 290
 That sop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
 Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at Cannons what was never there ; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lye.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What ? that thing of silk, 305
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk ?
 Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys ;
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis. } 325

Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, } 330
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashions fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, } 335
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways ;
 That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lye in verse or prose the same,
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, } 340
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; } 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, } 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue ! all the past :
 For thee, fair Virtue ! welcome e'en the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state :
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ; 365
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
This dreaded fat'rist Dennis will confess 370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor :
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lye. 375
To please a mistress one aspers'd his life ;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;
Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse 380
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore ! 385
Unspotted names, and memorable long !
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray ?—

P. Their own, 390
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395
No

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try;
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I. 405
 O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
 Make langour smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend, 415
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heav'n.

S A T I R E S

AND

E P I S T L E S

OF

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the earl of Oxford, while he was lord treasurer, and of the duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state: neither of whom looked upon a Satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a *true* Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicjs.

T H E

FIRST SATIRE of the SECOND BOOK

O F

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a Paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas: and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have ra-

ther led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his Advertisement: to which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of Parodies, adds reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations,

SATIRE I.

S A T I R E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold ;
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres * much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to council learned in the law :
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice ; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife :
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine ; *probatum est*.
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

* It has been commonly observed of the English, that a rogue never goes to the gallows without the pity of the spectators, and their parting curses on the rigour of the laws that brought them thither : and this has been as commonly ascribed to the good nature of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for dunces and scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his pen.

Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's praise,
You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard*, rumbling, rough, and
fierce,
With ARMS and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd the
verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears afunder, 25
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse? †

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly CÆSAR scorns the poet's lays, 35
It is to History he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

* Mr. Molyneux, a great mathematician and philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. "All our English poets, except Milton (says he, in a letter to Mr. Locke) have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him." And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, "I find with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, betwixt your thoughts and mine." Just so a Roman lawyer, and a Greek historian thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for poetasters to the world's end.

† The horse on which his majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
 Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye ;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;
 F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne * :
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse attends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ; 70
 I only wear it in a land of hectors,
 Thieves, † supercargoes, sharpers and directors.
 Save but our army ! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !

* They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, that had gained him the love and esteem of his readers : the other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his hearers. For as a celebrated Roman orator observes, " Maledicit INERUDITUS aperius et sapius, cum periculo etiam suo. Afferet et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentissime homines audiunt ea quæ dicere ipsi noluissent."

† The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading companies sent with their ships, and entrusted with their concerns abroad.

Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more : 75

But touch me, and no minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,

Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels ; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels ;

'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;

And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,

They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

Then, learned Sir ! (to cut the matter short)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether old age, with faint but chearful ray,

Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,

Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95

To wrap me in the universal shade ;

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,

Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write :

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. Alas young man ! your days can ne'er be long,

In flow'r of age you perish for a song !

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,

Will club their testers, now, to take your life !

P. What ? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen, 105

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men :

Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car ;

Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star ;

Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,

Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws ? 110

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain

Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign ?

Could

Could Laureate Dryden * Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
 TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND.
 The world beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.
 There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason, and the flow of soul:
 And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines, §
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines, 130
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
 Envy must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scriblers or peers, alike are Mob to me. 140

* It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius; it was Mr. Pope's to satirize the present, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles and James. Either way the instances are equally pertinent; but in the latter, they have rather greater force. Only the line,

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

§ Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 180 horse and 900 foot, enterprized and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.

This

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What faith my council, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times, 145
A man was hang'd * for very honest rhymes;
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim, et quint. Eliz.

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150
But grave Epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed! §

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be his'd, 155
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

* A great French lawyer explains this matter very truly. “L' Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit les plus les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mépriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu' à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formaient une Aristocratie punirent-ils de mort les Ecrits Satiriques.” De L'Esprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

§ Hor. Solventur risu tabulæ.

Some critics tell us, it is want of taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his friend's character. The lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as Sir ROBERT, the patron both of law and gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the case is altered*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a court advocate, who had been long a client to him and his uncle, to confess *the case was altered*.

THE
SECOND SATIRE of the SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great the virtue and the art
To live on little with a chearful heart ;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a guilt buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from sound philosophy aside ;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's * sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;

* The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "Send me, gods!, a whole hog barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!
 The robin-redbreast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
 Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;*
 Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies a mean;
 Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
 Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) 50
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.

* A famous eating-house.

But on some lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :
 Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;
 Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
 Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring :
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
 First health : the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and rev'rend guest 75
 Rise from a clergy, or a city feast !
 What life in all that ample body, say ?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?
 The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. 80

On morning wings how active springs the mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?
 How easy ev'ry labour it pursues ?
 How coming to the poet ev'ry Muse ?
 Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
 Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;
 And more the sickness of long life, old age ;
 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains ? 90

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
 Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.

Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come, 95
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
 That sweetest music to an honest ear ; 100
 (For 'faith, lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy !
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
 And buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

" Right, cries his lordship, for a rogue in need
 " To have a taste is insolence indeed :
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldly, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that superfluity away.
 O impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
 Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
 Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall : 120
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
 Perhaps a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125
 That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
 Or blest with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
 And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130
 His

His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love, would imitate the man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when furmis'd
 The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;
 In forest planted by a father's hand, 135
 Than in five acres now of rented land.
 Content with little I can piddle here
 On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
 But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
 From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then chearful healths (your mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Tho' doubly tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 "Pray heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;
 "I wish to God this house had been your own:
 "Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
 "Why you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby lord ;
 And Hemley, once proud Buckingham's delight, *
 Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight,
 Let lands and houses § have what lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

* Villiers duke of Buckingham.

§ The turn of his imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble : but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

T H E
FIRST EPISTLE of the FIRST BOOK
O F
H O R A C E.

E P I S T L E I.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last !
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long ah let me hide my age ! 5
See modest Cibber now has left the stage :
Our gen'als now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause. 10
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
" Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
" And never gallop Pegasus to death ;
" Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
" You limp, like Blackmore * on a lord-mayor's horse."

* The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described : stiff, and not strong ; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the lord-mayor : and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus.

Farewell

Farewell then verse and love, and ev'ry toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
 What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all : 20
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
 What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what doctors I apply ?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I :
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock : 25
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke,
 Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
 Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, and as warm as true : 30
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all.
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one :
 So flow th' unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the functions of my soul ; 40
 That keep me from myself ; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day :
 That task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise :
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
 Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite ;
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes,
 Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say,

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?

Know, there are words, and spells, which can controul
Between the fits this fever of the soul:

Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60

Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,

A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor: 65

And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.

But to the world no bugbear is so great,

As want of figure, and a small estate.

To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty! 70

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole?

Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?

To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here Wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!"

"As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

There, London's voice, "Get money, money still!"

"And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul! *

From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85

"Pray then, what wants he?" fourscore thousand
pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their Honours, and so forth. 90

* This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

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 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
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40

45

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
 Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite ;
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes,
 Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say,

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?
 Know, there are words, and spells, which can controul
 Between the fits this fever of the soul:
 Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
 Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.
 'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor: 65
 And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
 But to the world no bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small estate.
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole?
 Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
 Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here Wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!
 "As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
 There, London's voice, "Get money, money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul! *
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
 Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" fourscore thousand
 pounds;
 A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*1, their Honours, and so forth. 90

* This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
 " Virtue, brave boys ! 'tis virtue makes a king."
 True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within ;
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass ; 95
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song ?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at CRESSY or POITIER'S ? 100
 Who counsels best ? who whispers, " Be but great,
 " With praise or infamy leave that to fate ;
 " Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
 " If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
 For what ? to have a box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.
 Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro' :
 And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too ? }
 If such a doctrine in St. James's air, 110
 Shou'd chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare ;
 In honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
 That less admires the Palace than the Park :
 Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave :
 " I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave :
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 " Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave :
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
 The people are a many-headed beast :
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do ?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main ;

The

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour,
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that dev'l within
 Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
 But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen; 145

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
 "For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town."

At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?

That very night he longs to lie alone.

The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter, 150

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?

Well, but the poor—The poor have the same itch;
 They change their weekly barber, weekly news, 155

Prefer a new jannet, to their shoes,
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run

(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;

They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!

But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd, 165
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round; 170
 You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
 Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power;
 At home, tho' exil'd, free, tho' in the Tower;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
 Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

T H E
SIXTH EPISTLE of the FIRST BOOK
O F
H O R A C E.

E P I S T L E VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
(Plain truth, dear MURRAY, * needs no flow’rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center’d sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro’, and trust the ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear. 10

* This piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the poet had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a Poet for his friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share: so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship.

Admire

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
 All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?
 Or popularity ? or stars and strings ?
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ? 15
 Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
 And pay the great our homage of amaze ?
 If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire ;
 Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away ; 25
 For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
 The worst of madmen in a saint run mad.
 Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes :
 Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice ; 35
 From morn to night, at senate, rolls and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?
 For fame, for riches, for a noble wife ?
 Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd 40
 To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?
 Yet time enobles, or degrades each line ;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45
 And what is fame ? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Grac'd

Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of Lords :
 Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie ;
 Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE ! *

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone ? 55
 See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease ;
 There all men may be cur'd, whens'er they please.
 Would ye be blest ? despise low joys, low gains ; 60
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones ?
 Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire :
 Is wealth thy passion ? Hence ! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold :
 Advance thy golden mountain to the skies ;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage ; just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last. 80

* Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession ; and superior to both where the parallel fails ; TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnish'd by Vanity and Fear ; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of government, and the unlimited obedience of the people.

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
 Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds ; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves ;
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy ;
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord 100
 To do the honours, and to give the word ;
 Tell at your levee, as the crouds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand : to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks : 105
 " This may be troublesome, is near the chair :
 " That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. 110

Or if your life be one continu'd treat,
 If to live well means nothing but to eat ;
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey ;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite— 115
 So Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,
 Call'd happy dog ! the beggar at his door,
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound,
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round, 120
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
 K—l's lew'd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 125
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name ?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot * own,
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle ! §"
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well. 130
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the counsel which I gave you first :
 Or better precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

* Earl of Rochester.

§ Our poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says,
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my Friends.

And, in another, he makes his court-adviser say,

Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are fore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more ;

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, Swift falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift (as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trified away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction ; or, in short, to any thing but that for which nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend, and set off truth ; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned : and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse (says he, in a letter to Mr. Pope) my companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance : I read the most trifling books I can find ; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, &c." And again, in a letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, *Vive la Bagatelle.*"

T H E

FIRST EPISTLE of the SECOND BOOK

O F

H O R A C E.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince ; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the encrease of an absolute empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes : one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general ; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate : *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere, &c.* The other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry ; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding

ceding age; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State, and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse, from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal? 5

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those sons of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of LIBERTY! in Kings a name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just

Just in one instance, be it yet confess
 Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest :
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton * heads of houses quote :
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green § ; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 He swears the Muses met him at the Devil †.

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires ?
 In ev'ry public virtue we excell ; 45
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine ? 50
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
 End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t'immortalizé ?

“ Who lasts a century can have no flaw, 55
 “ I hold that wit a classic, good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
 And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce ? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
 “ By courtesy of England, he may do.”

Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

* Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

§ A ballad made by a king of Scotland.

† The Devil-Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his poetical-club.

And melt down ancients like a heap of snow : 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespeare * (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despatch.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley ? if he pleases yet, 75
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit ;
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
 But still I love the language of his heart.

" Yet surely, surely, these were famous men !
 " What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ? 80

" In all debates, where critics bear a part,
 " Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's art,
 " Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit ;
 " How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 writ ;

" How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow § ; 85
 " But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
 " These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be ; the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 To Gammer Gurton † if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

* Shakespeare and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality ; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage ; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his *dotages*.

§ Nothing was less true than this particular : but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism ; in some things right, in others, wrong ; as he tells us in his answer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.

† A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquarians.

Or say our fathers never broke a rule ;
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
 But let them own, that greater faults than we 95
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
 Spencer himself affects the obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :
 Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
 Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground, 100
 In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.
 Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease ;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er) 110
 One simile, that solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
 I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new ;
 While if our elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow ; 120
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's age !
 You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130

He,

He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the fires.
 Had antient times conspir'd to disallow
 135
 What then was new, what had been antient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
 "All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel*,
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleeping eye §, that spoke the melting soul, 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at court;
 On each enervate string † they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,

* The duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship: the Romance of Parthenissa, by the earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by persons of quality.

§ This was the characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression; who was an excessive Manierist.

† The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich: 170
Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye, 175
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibbs than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180
He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward * try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state; 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind; 195
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.

* A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

To cheat a friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
 And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
 What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205

What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king: 210

Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving court,
 Unhappy Dryden *!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse from courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.

He, from the taste obscene reclains our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."

Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure., 225
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor †,
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.

* The sudden stop after mentioning the name of Dryden has great beauty. The poet's tenderness for his master is expressed in the second line by making his case general; and his honour for him, in the first line, by making his case particular, as the only one that deserved pity.

† A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

Not but there are, who merit other palms ;
 Hopkins and Sternhold * glad the heart with Psalms : 230
 The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse ?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And heav'n is won by violence of song. 240

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care :
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
 Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

* One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a courtier, and groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and of the bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent poet.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller * was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine. }
 Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein 270
 And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone :
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The humbler Muse of comedy require.
 But in known images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed ?
 What pert low dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how loosely does Astræa † tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !
 But fill their purse, our poets work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

* Mr. Waller, about this time, with the earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.

† A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.

O you ! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

300

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit :
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud ;
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the farce, the bear, or the Black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords ;
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
 The play stands still ; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold and lawn ;
 The champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast *.
 With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !
 Ah luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more ;
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
 Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep †,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.

305

310

315

320

325

* The coronation of Henry VIII. and queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion.

† The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite the Orcades.

Such

Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat ;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal !
 “ But has he spoken ?” Not a syllable. 335

What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes :
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great ;
 Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill a library * with wit,
 When Merlin's cave † is half unfurnish'd yet ? 355

My liege ! why writers little claim your thought,
 I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
 The season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.

* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

† A building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books.

Then too we hurt ourselves when to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365
 Repeat unask'd ; lament, the wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write epistles to the king ;
 And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension from the crown ;
 Or dubb'd historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great Sir ! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what poet best may make them known ?
 Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed ;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 " No lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble ; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 Oh ! could I mout on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing ! 395
 What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
 How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword !
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep ;

'Till

'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains *: 405
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules: 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness; and if lyes,
 " Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
 Cloathe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

* Archbishop Tillotson hath said, " That satire and invective were the
 " easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it would serve to abuse
 " and find fault. For wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one
 " can cut and gash with it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, re-
 " quires great art and dexterity. To praise a thing well, is an argument of
 " much more wit than to abuse: a little wit, and a great deal of ill nature,
 " will furnish a man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to com-
 " mend well." Thus far this candid prelate. And I, in my turn, might
 as well say, that satire was the most difficult, and panegyric the most easy
 thing in nature; for that any barber-surgeon can curl and shave, and give
 cosmetic washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an anatomist to
 dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth
 is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgement
 of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as
 the other. In our author's Essay on the Characters of Men, the encomium
 on Lord Cobham, and the satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of
 the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in satire over panegyric,
 which every body has taken notice of, that it is more readily received; but
 this does not shew that it is more easily written.

T H E
SECOND EPISTLE of the SECOND BOOK
O F
H O R A C E.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

E P I S T L E II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's friend !

You love a verse, take such as I can send,
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—" This lad, Sir, is of Blois *:
" Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd ! 5
" My only son, I'd have him see the world :
" His French is pure ; his voice too—you shall hear.
" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
" Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please : 10
" A perfect genius at an op'ra song—
" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
" His whole ambition was to serve a lord :
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ? 15
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.

* A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoke in great purity.

“ Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
 “ And then, unwhipp’d, he had the grace to cry:
 “ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 “ (Could you o’erlook but that) it is, to steal.” 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov’d so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey * should decide the suit;
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away; 25
 And punish’d him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D’ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In ANNA’s wars, a foldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn’d a little purse of gold:
 Tir’d with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp’rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join’d,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }
 He leap’d the trenches, scal’d a castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.

“ Prodigious well;” his great commander cry’d,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next, pleas’d his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and ’tis no great matter) 45

“ Go on, my friend (he cry’d) see yonder walls!

“ Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!

“ More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”

Don’t you remember what reply he gave?

“ D’ye think me, noble Gen’ral, such a sot? 50

“ Let him take castles who has ne’er a groat.”

* An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Panza.—Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Pelæus' son.
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad : 55
 (And little sure import'd to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;
 And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes *, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend : 75
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But after all, what would you have me do ? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two ;
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

† Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends ?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A poet begs me I will hear him read :
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square— 95
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
 “ Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
 “ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”
 Not quite so well however as one ought ; 100
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass ? 105
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v—nce in a car ?
 Go, lofty poet ! and in such a croud,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas ! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son :
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting † or Earl's-court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before ?
 The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116
 To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,
 See ! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun !
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare : 120
 So stiff, so mute ! some statue you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air !
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors ;

† Two villages within a few miles of London.

Shall I, in London, act this idle part ? 125

Composing songs, for fools to get by heart ?

The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law :

With equal talents, these congenial souls,

One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls ; 130

Each had a gravity would make you split,

And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.

'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"

"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135

Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the nine,

Dear Cibber ! never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord ! how we strut thro' Merlin's cave, to see

No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease

Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.

"My dear Tibullus !" if that will not do,

"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :

"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains. 145

"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite

To court applause by printing what I write : 150

But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,

They treat themselves with most profound respect ;

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155

Each prais'd within, is happy all day long :

But how severely with themselves proceed

The men, who write such verse as we can read ?

Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,

That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care *, 160

* Force and light respect figurative expression ; and signify, that, it be such as awakes the imagination, and be taken from obvious subjects : for without the first quality it will want *force* ; without the other, *light*.

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake ;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For use will father what's begot by sense) 170

Pour the full tide of eloquence along ;
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong, }
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line : 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :
 " But ease in writing flows from art, not chance ;
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord ; 185
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife ;
 Not quite a madman, tho' a paffy fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short, they
 cur'd :

Whereat the gentleman began to stare——
 My friends ! he cry'd, p-x take you for your care ! 195
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Well,

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate :
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when poets will grow dull : 200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of poetry no more confin'd,

I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the doctor ; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your folly, as disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

" Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,

You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :

When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place 220

Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,

Look in that breast, " most dirty D—— ! be fair,

Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?

Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,

You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,

A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

The wisest man might blush, I must agree,

If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give 230

A property, that's yours on which you live.

Delightful Abs-court *, if its fields afford

Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :

† A farm over against Hampton-Court.

All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
 His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found ?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat ;
 Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town, 245
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand :
 Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r
 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and *for ever?* wretch ! what would'st thou have ?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave,
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke !
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind,
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;

The

The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All * Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines :
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275
 One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe †, from pole to pole :
 Is known alone to that directing pow'r,
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour ;
 That god of nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual : his great end the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place :
 But sure no statute § in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
 I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
 Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

* Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—
 When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from turnips ; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

† Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.

§ Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of Papists, &c.

" But why all this of av'rice ? I have none."

I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone ; 305

But does no other lord it at this hour,

As wild and mad ? the avarice of pow'r ?

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall ?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?

With terrors round, can reason hold her throne, 310

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown ?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams and fire ?

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,

And count each birth-day with a grateful mind ? 315

Has life no founness, drawn so near its end ;

Can't thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?

Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill :

Walk sober off ; before a sprightlier age

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage : 325

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

THE
SATIRES
OF
Dr. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN of St. PAUL's,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

DE LOHN-DONAT

1910

DOAN of ST. PAUL

Ventures naturalis, et cunctis

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
As who knows Sappho, finiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
Yet like the Papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:

The

S A T I R E II.

SIR; though I (thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And

The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow :
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair ; but songs no longer move ;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get, 25
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

Sense,

And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some organs, puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms ;
 Rams and flings now are filly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat ?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rapidly digested, doth these things outspue,
 As his own things : and they're his own, 'tis true,

For

Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Outcant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Outsue Jews, or Irishmen outswear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50

No

For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
..... to outsue Jews,
T' outdrink the sea, t' outswear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Scoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,

No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear,
 55 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts;
 Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And woo in language of the pleas and bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
 Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His

Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes
 His title of barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And wooes in language of the pleas and bench. * *
 * Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
 More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
 Then sick with poetry, and possest with muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for mere gain: bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk

Idly,

His Office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save 'em from the fire ;
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand :
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Janfen punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away ;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90

Pieceméal

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge ; for
 Bastardy abounds not in the king's titles, nor
 Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
 And lpying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he :

Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, cov'nants, articles they draw.
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires*: 100
 No commentator can more flily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther * thought the Paternoster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;

But

For (as a thrifty wench serapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, he did desire
 Short Paternosters, saying as a fryer

Each

* Our poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his author's thought. The lawyer (says Dr. Donne), enlarges the legal instruments for conveying property to the bigness of *gloss'd civil laws*, when it is to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same lawyer convey property

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r, the Power and Glory clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those antient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well

Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
As slyly as any commentor goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.

property for you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and hasty as the loose postils of a modern divine. So Luther, while a monk, and, by his institution obliged to say mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his Pater-noster too long. But when he set up for a governor in the church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new model, he then lengthened the Pater-noster by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the addition was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition; and both together to insinuate that, from a monk, he was become totally secularized.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to popery, which appears from several strokes in these satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a Catalogue of rare Books, one article of which is intitled, M. Lutherus de abbreviacione Orationis Dominice, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding doxology in his two Catechisms, which shews he was fond of the joke; and, in the first instance, (for the sake of his moral) at the expence of truth. As his putting Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa, shews what were then his sentiments of reformation.

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor fly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to court!—the dev'l would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)

Could

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as glare which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred marks which is the statutes curse,

Before

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain as idle, and as false as they
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark;
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wond'rous shelves contain, 30
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And

Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
 Stranger than seven antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk monsters, guianacs rarities,
 Stranger than strangers; one who, for a Dane,
 In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise:

And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learnt to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The doctor's wormwood stile, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,

The

One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?

His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho'
bare,

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,

Moun-

The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar : 55
 These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores.
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie,
 He spies me out ; I whisper, gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *speech* esteem you most ? "The king's," said I.
 But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *dictionary*."
 You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect *speaker*?—"Onslow, past dispute."

But,

Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement :
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God,
 How have I sin'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best linguist ? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits ; and two reverend men

Of

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for clofer style,
 "But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
 Nay troth th' apostles, (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the tow'r had stood.

"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:
 "Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
 "Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 "The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
 Ah gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
 But Tully has it, *nunquam minus solus*:
 And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way;

Tho'

Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have fold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.

He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion

Tho' in his pictures lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made ; 95
 And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies ;
 " Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

" To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !"
 Then, happy man who shows the tombs ! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal family ;

He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk. 105

And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.

" Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,

" And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

" How elegant your Frenchmen ?" Mine, d'ye mean ?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 110

" Oh !

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can princes courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the abbey-tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only : the way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes

“ Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
 “ Your only wearing is your paduasoy.”
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille— 115
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, “ What news?” I tell him of new plays,
 New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
 He hears, and as a still with simples in it
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows. 131
 When

Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your grogram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly: I chaff'd him: but as itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: so, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a still, which staves
 A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: he knows, he knows

When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtle minister may make of that :
 Who sins with whom : who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug : 135
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop, or a whore :
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government :
 Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor :
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country, or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As

When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle statesman may gather of that ;
 He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison
 Hastes to an offices reversion ;
 Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
 Shells to transport ;
 shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier ; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus

He

As one of Woodward's patients, sick and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can,
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man ;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom :
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,

Than

He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say gallo-belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this makaron talk : in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid ;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day ; and that great officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more

Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half-turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

I quak'd

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then.
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown; scant

His

I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
 Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;

Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195

Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd lord or smile or frown?

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,

Tremble before a noble serving-man?

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200

For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?

Thou,

His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more hast than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of highborn or rais'd men

Fear

Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh fun ! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ? 205
 Now pox on those who show a *court in wax* * !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only drefs and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
 See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
 At Fig's, at White's, § with felons, or a whore,

Pay

Fear frowns ; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility ?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O fun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I
 Think he which made your † waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our courtiers ; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
 Some of the stocks ‡ are ; their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past ; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet or the stews

* A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work.

§ White's was a noted gaming-house Fig's, a prize fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days : it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

† A show of the Italian garden in wax-work, in the time of king James the First.

‡ That is, of wood.

Pay their last duty to the court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room ; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 " That's velvet for a king ! " the flatt'rer swears ;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
 Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths ?
 For these are actors too, as well as those :
 Wants reach all states ; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineil,
 Sail in the ladies : how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
 " Dear countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !"
 And " Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !"

Such

Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the Presence, and I (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers : and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states : me seems they do as well
 At stage, as courts ; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
 The men board them ; and praise (as they think) well,

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Foplin and Courtin :
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules *, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.

So

Their beauties ; they the men's wits ; both are bought,
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the presence were a mosque : and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his cloaths to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.

* Albert Durer.

So

So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest :
 Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.

But here's the captain that will plague them both, 260
 Whose air cries arm ! whose very looks an oath :
 The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 265

And

So in immaculate cloaths, and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety
 As a young preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten cardinals into the Inquisition ;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,

And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse :
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 279
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go ;
 For hung with deadly sins * I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all : 275
 Each man an Askapart †, of strength to toss
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine : 280
 Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !

From

He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
 Those Askaparts †, men big enough to throw
 Charing-crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of wort, but queen's man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be

* The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

† A giant famous in romances.

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
 Howe'er what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

285

To wash the stains away : although I yet
 (With Maccabees modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

8

D I A L O G U E

NOT TWICE a twelvemonth * you appear in print,
 And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
 You grow colder, that pace with rapine wit,
 And the, besides, too warm for a wit.
 Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel—
 Well, this moment, don't I see you steal ?
 'Tis all from Horace ; Horace look before ye
 Said, " I never call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"
 And taught his Romans, in much better measure,
 To laugh at fools who put their trust in Rome.
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ;
 He observ'd & he said no sort of vice ;
 These two lines are from Horace, and the only lines that are in the
 whole poem, that are not his own. He is a great
 & great writer, but very full of mistakes, such as observations
 Horace

EPI.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRE S.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth * you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *moral* for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel— §
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?
'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
" To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ;
Bubo observes § he lash'd no sort of vice :

* These two lines are from Horace : and the only lines that are so in the whole poem.

§ Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.

Horace

Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown,
 Blunt could do bus'ness, H-ggins * knew the town;
 In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
 In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropt our ears §, and sent them to the king.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile: 20
 An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
 But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
 Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The great man † never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT ———

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
 A joke on JEKYL ‡, or some odd old whig,
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig: 40

* Formerly jailor of the Fleet-prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

§ Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master.

† A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister.

‡ Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of one who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage :
These nothing hurts ; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, " Who's the man, so near 45
" His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear ? "

Why, answer, *LYTTELTON* *, and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage ;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50

§ *Sejanus*, *Wolsey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY* †,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes ;
These you but anger, and you mend not those. 54

Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are fore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;

Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all agen. 60

Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !

Come, harmless characters that no one hit ; 65

Come, *Henley's* oratory, *Osborn's* ‡ wit !

The honey dropping from *Favonio's* tongue,

The flow'rs of *Bubo*, and the flow of Y—ng !

* *George Lyttelton*, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

§ The one the wicked minister of *Tiberius*, the other, of *Henry VIII.* The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See *Dial. 2. ver. 137.*

† Cardinal, and minister to *Louis XV.* It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

‡ See them in their places in the *Dunciad.*

The gracious dew * of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70
 That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen,
 O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *nation's sense* ;
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA's § urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest !
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No Gazetteer more innocent than I——
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
 F. Why so ? if Satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest in disgrace ;
 For merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when exactly when they fall, 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave D——re †.
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a king !

* Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches ; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries ; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style ; and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

§ Queen consort of king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

† A title given that lord by king James II. He was of the bedchamber to king William : he was so to king George I. he was so to king George II. This lord was very skilful in all the forms of the house, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a court ;
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place :
 But past the sense of human miseries, 101
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes ;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
 Who know how like whig ministers to tory, 106
 And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex't,
 Confid'ring what a *gracious prince* * was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings ; 110
 And at a peer, or peerefs, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt ?
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;
 But shall the dignity of Vice be lost ?
 Ye gods ! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a lord, or Rich § outwhore a duke ?
 A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill ?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will ? 120
 Is it for Bond or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings ?
 If Blount † dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran ‡ !

* The style of addresses on an accession.

§ Two players : look for them in the Dunciad.

† Author of an impious foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself ; of the consequence of which he really died.

‡ Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

DIAL. I. TO THE SATIRES. 99

But shall a printer *, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife ?

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care :
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin §. 130

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten metropolitans in preaching well ;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe † in doctrine,—yea in life :

Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me ;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing. 140

Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And slops from angels to the dregs of earth :
But 'tis the *fall* degrades her to a whore :
Let *greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crouds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150

Low ! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground !
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
Before her dance : behind her, crawl the old !

* A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

§ A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736.

† A poor bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied.

See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
 In foldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
 See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 "Nothing is sacred now but villainy." 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRE.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton * (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine!

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
Ev'n Guthry § saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice!

* Late Solicitor to the Treasury.

§ The ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

Come

Come on then, satire ! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind. 15

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all !

Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall !

Ye rev'rend atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, Who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20

I never nam'd ; the town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.—

F. You do:

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you !
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what ; 26
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not ?

Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,

Like royal harts *, be never more run down ?

Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30

As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires ?

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—

To save a bishop, may I name a dean ?

F. A dean, Sir ? no ; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud satire ! tho' a realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild § ;

Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40

Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice) !

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice ;

Have you less pity for the needy cheat,

The poor and friendless villain, than the great ? 45

* Alluding to the old game-laws, when our kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in woods and forests.

§ Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged.

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king*.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike! why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete example fears?
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears§.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad;
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise the courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I SCAR'BROW† name?
 Pleas'd let me own, in Esther's peaceful grove ‡
 (Where Kent and Nature vye for PELHAM's love)
 The scene, the master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my CRAOGS anew!

* He is serious on the foregoing subjects of satire; but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practices of ministers, in laying their own mis-carriages on their masters.

§ Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory, for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.

† Earl of and knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of master of the horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

‡ The house and gardens of Esther in Surry, belonging to the honourable Mr. Pelham, brother to the duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.

Ev'n

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert ; 70
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart,
 Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
 To Berkley, every virtue under Heav'n.

But does the court a worthy man remove ?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love : 75
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;
 Thus SOMMERS * once, and HALIFAX §, were mine,
 Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
 I study'd SHREWSBURY †, the wise and great ;
 CARLETON's ‡ calm sense, and STANHOPE's || noble
 flame, 80

Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same :
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour !
 How shine the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r !
 How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit : 85
 ARGYLL, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field :
 Or WYNDHAM **, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own.

* John lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been lord keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister ; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

§ A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of queen Ann's ministry.

† Charles Talbot, duke of Shrewsbury, had been secretary of state, ambassador in France, lord lieutenant of Ireland, lord Chamberlain, and lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

‡ Hen. Boyle, lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was secretary of state under William III. and president of the council under queen Anne.

|| James earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and secretary of state.

** Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the Exchequer under queen Anne, made early a considerable figure ; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

Names,

DIAL. II. TO THE SATIRES. 105

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say ! No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue ; where she shines, I praise : 95
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave : 101

To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commend ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse, 105

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done ;

Each mother asks it for her booby son,

Each widow asks it for *the best of men*,

For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground : 110

The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the greatest of these days,

To 'scape my censure not expect my praise.

Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?

Dare they to hope a poet for their friend ? 115

What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,

And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command ;

No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand :

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line ; 120

O let my country's friends illumine mine !

—What are you thinking ? F. Faith the thought's no sin,

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,

The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—

Spirit of Arnall * ! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM's a coward, POLWARTH § is a slave, 130

And LYTTLETON a dark, designing knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool——

But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,

Oh all accomplish'd ST. JOHN ! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day, 140

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend

To break my windows if I treat a friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules

Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150

To see a footman kick'd, that took his pay:

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,

Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;

The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155

Which not at present having time to do——

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' affront to you?

* Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii. ver. 315.

§ The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander earl of Marchmont, grand-son of Patrick earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.

DIAL. II. TO THE SATIRES.

107

Against your worship when had S—k writ ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit ?
Or grant the bard * whose distich all commend 160

[*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*]

To W—le guilty of some venial sin ;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the gown. 165
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend ?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came ;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same. 170

Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly ;
If one, thro' Nature's bounty, or his lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
As pure a mess almost as it came in ;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind :
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse ;
The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flatt'ry mine ;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and Chartres § scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write :
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own ? 190

† A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.

§ See the Epistle to lord Bathurst.

Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he hath been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours. 200
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud I am no slave:

So impudent, I own myself no knave: 206 }
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide: 215
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
 All that makes faints of queens, and gods of kings. 225



*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*

Ep. to Satires part 1.





*O Sacred Weapon left for Truths Defence
Sole Dread of Folly Vice and Insolence*



DIAL. II. TO THE SATIRES.

109

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition * stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity. 235

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis § casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR; †
(Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good DIGBY ‡, from a heart like thine)
Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies : 245
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons ! let your names be read ; 250
Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,

* The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 219) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

§ The chief herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

† John Dalrymple earl of Stair, knight of the thistle, served in all the wars under the duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as ambassador in France.

‡ Dr. John Hough, bishop of Worcester, and the lord Digby. The one an assertor of the church of England, in opposition to the false measures of king James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

And

And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man* *.

* This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more ; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks : but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies ; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

O N

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY *

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

Y ES, I beheld th' Athenian queen

Descend in all her sober charms !

“ And take (she said, and smil'd serene)

“ Take at this hand celestial arms.

“ Secure the radiant weapons wield ;

“ This golden lance shall guard desert,

“ And if a vice dares keep the field,

“ This steel shall stab it to the heart.”

Aw'd on my bended knees I fell,

Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;

And dipt them in the fable well,

The fount of fame or infamy.

“ What *well*? what *weapon*? (Flavia cries)

“ A standish, steel and golden pen !

“ It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ;

“ I gave it you to write again.

* A lady whose great merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

“ But,

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack ;
 " You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
 " Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
 " L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 " And run, on ivory, so glib,
 " As not to stick at fool or ass,
 " Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" *Athenian queen ! and sober charms !*
 " I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :
 " 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;
 " In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 " That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 " I'll lift you in the harmless roll
 " Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

THE
D U N C I A D,
IN
FOUR BOOKS;
WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,
THE
HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

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ALET-

THE
DUNN

BOOKS

WITH THE
PROLOGUE OF SCIENCE

THE
HISTORICAL AND

AND
NOTES VARIOUS

W. H. D. 1871

A
L E T T E R
T O T H E
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct
E D I T I O N of the D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man

living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other; Nobody was either concerned or surprized, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, 'till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure

the most innocent ; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers ; I mean by authors *without names* ; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so ; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE ; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave ; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them ; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight ; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them ; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may
in

in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles *, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burthen, fills the streets and high-

* Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

ways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalifts.

But admitting that two or three of thefe offend lefs in their morals, than in their writings ; muft poverty make nonsense facred ? If fo, the fame of bad authors would be much better confulted than that of all the good ones in the world ; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miftake the whole matter : it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it ; for men are not bunglers becaufe they are poor, but they are poor becaufe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleafant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perfons and characters were too facred for satire ; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule ? But whether bread or fame be their end, it muft be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, fupposing them good, and thefe I was forry to fee in fuch company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereft and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themfelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who fay fo, fince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perfuade myfelf, when I confider the constant and eternal averfion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation ? At that rate he would be the moft obliged humble fervant in the world. I dare fwear for thefe in particular,

lar, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of *JUVENAL* to the Damon of *BOILEAU*.

Having mentioned *BOILEAU*, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judg-

judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion *. A Satire, there-

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R

fore,

* As Mr. Wycherly, at the time the town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had

fore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is, (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLET IS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.*

I am

Your most humble Servant,

*St. James's,
Dec. 22d, 1728.*

WILLIAM CLELAND §.

resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death; others only in epitaphs.

§ This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the earl of Mar. He served in Spain under earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

M A R-

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

H I S

Prolegomena and Illustrations

TO THE

D U N C I A D.

WITH THE

Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS,

R 1

DEN-

MARTINUS SCRIBERUS

D U N I C I A D.

Hypocritics of Aristarchus.

DE N.

[100]

THOMAS, Lancelot, June 22, 1723.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against persons in
Genius, or against the pretensions of writing without
one.

DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

B. 100

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors *poets*: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the Poetafters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mif, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either againſt failures in Genius, or againſt the pretenſions of writing without one.

CONCANNEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A Satire upon *dullneſs* is a thing that has been uſed and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked ſcribbler!

TESTI-

TESTIMONIES

O F

AUTHORS

CONCERNING

Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a

moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith^a, he was educated at home; another^b, that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits; a third^c, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth^d, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith^e, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third^g that he was a parson; one^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; anotherⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one^k supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another^l, a husbandman; another^m, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely

^a Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. ^b Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Crit. ^c Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^d Guardian, No. 40. ^e Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. ^f Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^g Farmer P. and his son. ^h Dunciad dissected. ⁱ Characters of the times, p. 45. ^k Female Dunciad, p. ult. ^l Dunciad dissected. ^m Roome, Paraphrase on the 1vth of Genesis, printed 1729.

a Daemon:

a Dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon^a: “Certain it is,
 “that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil;
 “and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to
 “be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.”
 Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and
 (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being
 fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing
 the life of our poet, ’till authors can determine among
 themselves what parents or education he had, or whether
 he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho’
 not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; be-
 ginning with his ESSAY ON CRITICISM, of which hear
 first the most antient of critics.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his
 “thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions ab-
 “surd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes
 “trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have
 “something that is very mean; instead of gravity,
 “something that is very boyish; and instead of perspi-
 “cuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscu-
 “rity and confusion.” And in another place: “What
 “rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear that this
 “youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had
 “sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner,
 “upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by
 “the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age,
 “which makes her *hobble so damnably* °.”

^a n Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed
 for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit.
 said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be au-
 thor of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out
 this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written
 by Dennis only.

° Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Cri-
 ticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

Mr. OLD MIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism
“ in verse; but if any more curious reader has disco-
“ vered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden’s
“ prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poe-
“ try, not to mention the French critics, I should be
“ very glad to have the benefit of the discovery ^p. ”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him,
doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the duke of
Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of
Horace, which he more openly taxeth ^q: “ As to the
“ numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and
“ prose, that have been written by the moderns on this
“ ground-work, they do but *hackney the same thoughts over*
“ *again*, making them still more *trite*. Most of their pieces
“ are nothing but a pert insipid heap of *common place*. Ho-
“ race has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several
“ things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry
“ was of no use, even while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose
that of

Mr. ADDISON.

“ The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published
“ some months since, is a master-piece in its kind.
“ The observations follow one another like those in Ho-
“ race’s Art of Poetry, without that methodical regula-
“ rity which would have been requisite in a prose writer.

^p Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

^q Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

^r Spectator, No. 253.

“ They

“ They are some of them *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the *most known* and the most *received*, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.” He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind: the Essay on Translated Verse; Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism.”

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ ‘ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ
“ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John Den-
“ ham : the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is af-
“ fected, is temerarious, is barbarous.”

But the author of the Dispensary ‘,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion : “ Those who have seen those two excellent
“ poems of Cooper’s Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one
“ written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope,
“ will shew a great deal of candor if they approve of
“ this.”

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, “ That because Prior’s
“ Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our au-
“ thor writ his Eloisa *in opposition to it* ; but forgot in-
“ nocence and virtue : if you take away her tender
“ thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no
“ value.” In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames : “ All this is very fine ; but take away the
“ river, and it is good for nothing.”

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma “.

O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth :
But well I weët, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet’s song :

f Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope’s Homer, 1717.

t Printed 1728, p. 12. u Alma, Cant. 2.

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 A filken web ; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours : gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet stileth this a "laudable translation^w." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it^x, "The spirit of Homer breathes all
 " through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I
 " should most admire the justness of the original, or the
 " force and beauty of the language, or the founding variety of the numbers : but when I find all these meet,
 " it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his
 " heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a
 " weighty stone, that two common men could not lift
 " from the ground ; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to
 " have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728.) where he says thus : "In order to sink in reputation, let him
 " take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the
 " world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there)

^w In his Essays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curl.

^x Censur, vol. 2. p. 33.

“ and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how.” Strange variation ! We are told in

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8.

“ That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison ; inasmuch that he employed a *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.” Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words :

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance, the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden’s Virgil of the most perfect Epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elder* : nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before* ^r. Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713,

y Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel’s Translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to
where

where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728.)

"publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8, "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant subscription." "After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

"the sequel of that work, the *Odyssæy*; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY.

(Printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of *this proposal* is not solely for my own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have *assisted me in this work*." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous

"parts

“ parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole.” Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

“ Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of *The Dunciad* dissected reporteth; Mr. Wycherley had before “ introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the *greatest peers and brightest wits* then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye; witness those persons

persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, 'till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next he is taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“^z Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent : and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play ; it is hoped,

^z Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“ * The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull
 “ and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of
 “ our religion and constitution, and who has been dead
 “ many years.” This seemeth also most untrue ; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet’s) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein ; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to be turned upon the “ Contempt he had for the work of that
 “ reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he
 “ declared himself to have of exposing it.” This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the fore-said right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly ruff-raff railers and rhymers ; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same ; and that they are in-

troduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted ; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author ; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

furnishes up his character in these lines :

- “^b And yet so wond’rous, so sublime a thing,
 “ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 “ Unless I justly could at once commend
 “ A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend* ;
 “ One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur’d deed*,
 “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decypher’d by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- “ “ Say, wond’rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 “ What laurel’d arch, for thy triumphant muse ?
 “ Tho’ each great antient court thee to his shrine,
 “ Tho’ ev’ry laurel through the dome be thine,
 “ Go to the *good* and *just*, an awful train !
 “ *Thy soul’s delight*, —————

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

- “ “ O ! ever worthy, ever crown’d with praise !
 “ Blest in thy *life* and blest in all thy *lays*.
 “ Add, that the Sisters ev’ry thought refine,
 “ And ev’n thy *life*, be *faultless* as thy line,

^b Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.

^c Poem prefixed to his Works.

^d In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

“ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 “ Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the Muse.
 “ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign’d,
 “ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”
 The witty and moral satirist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,
 wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners
 of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task
 so worthy of his virtue :

“ ‘ Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s train,
 “ Nor hears that *virtue*, which he *loves*, complain ?

Mr. M ALLET,
 in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :
 “ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays ;
 “ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

Mr. HAMMOND,
 That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his
 Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir’d by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
 “ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 “ And trace the author through his moral page,
 “ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

Mr. THOMPSON,
 in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons :
 “ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 “ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”
 To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suff-
 folk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.
 “ ‘ Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue’s cause,
 “ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ unerring laws.”

^e Universal Passion, Sat. I.

^f In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick :

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,
 “ By patriots, priests, and poets taught,
 “ Whose filial piety excells
 “ Whatever Grecian story tells.
 “ A genius for each bus’ness fit,
 “ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him : first again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him : “ A little affected hypocrite, who has
 “ nothing in his mouth but candor, truth, friendship,
 “ goodness, humanity and magnanimity. He is so great
 “ a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to
 “ calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands them with
 “ some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to
 “ people of quality, and authors of that rank.—He must
 “ derive his religion from St. Omer’s.”——But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, “ Though he is a professor of
 “ the worst religion, yet he laughs at it ;” but that “ nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist : and yet a pillar for
 “ the Church of England.”

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be ; declaring, in *Mist’s Journal* of June 22, 1718, “ That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he
 “ made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their
 “ own sentiments.” But, as to his pique against people
 of

of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but faith (May 8, 1728) "He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a whig, and a tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians^s and Examiners; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pretender to candor." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast^b. Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his lifeⁱ. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself^k. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of Parliament, then under prosecution^l. Mr. Dennis himself has written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom^m; and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first christian he

^g The names of two weekly Papers.

^h Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22. 1728.

ⁱ Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

^k Gulliveriana, p. 332.

^l Anno 1723.

^m Anno 1729.

meetsⁿ. Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem^o. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princeſſes^p. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the two moſt ſacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad^q!

This is prodigious ! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, that in the miſt of theſe invectives his greateſt enemies have (I know not how) born teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpeare, declares, “ He has ſo great
“ an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opinion of his
“ genius and excellencies, that notwithstanding he pro-
“ feſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to idolatry for the
“ writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth
“ even to do him juſtice, even at the expence of that
“ other gentleman’s character.”

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, “ That Mr. Pope
“ would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s Epiſtles by
“ his hand, for it is certain we ſee the original of Sappho
“ to Phaon with much more life and likenefs in his ver-
“ ſion, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he
“ adds) is the more to be wiſhed, becauſe in the Eng-
“ liſh tongue we have ſcarce any thing truly and naturally
“ written upon love.” He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard

n Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the laſt page of that Treatiſe.

o Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes and Adverſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift’s Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

p Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

q A liſt of perſons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

r Introduction to his Shakeſpeare reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

f Commentary on the duke of Buckingham’s Eſſay, octavo, 1721 p. 97, 98.

Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares “ the
“ purity and perfection of the English language to be
“ found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good
“ verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any other work, ex-
“ cepts this of our author only^t.”

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER

says, “ ^u Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his pre-
“ decessor, Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary, Mr.
“ Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal
“ to any body’s. And, that he *had* all the merit, that
“ a man can have that way.” And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,
“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
“ While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line!
“ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’t his praise,
“ And bade them live to brighten future days^v.”
So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell^x, in
that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
“ (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
“ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
“ Pope more than we can offer should receive:

^t In his prose Essay on Criticism.

^u Printed by J. Roberts, 1741,

p. 11.

^w Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

^x Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

“ For when some gliding river is his theme,
 “ His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,” &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, “ The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit ;” yet that same paper hath these words : “ The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown.”

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who “ grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ :” but adds, “ it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls ! they had all been buried in oblivion.” Hear we see our excellent laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself* ; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5.) do in concert * confess, “ That some men

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of

y Cibber’s Letters to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

z Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place, “ As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not writers in concert with each other.

‘ Sir,

‘ —The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment ; and
 ‘ finding

“ of good understanding value him for his rhymes.”
 And (p. 17.) “ that he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the
 “ Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack
 “ at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,
 “ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;
 “ I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,
 “ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
 “ Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
 “ Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear,” &c.

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote ^a to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay ; “ I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprized to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testi-

^a finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of
 “ the reward of my labour.”

“ Sir,

“ I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves,” &c.

CH. GILDON.

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them ?” Dennis, Remarks on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

a In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

“ money be of weight any where, you are sure to have
 “ it in the amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *enlar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “ A
 “ most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of
 “ genius and taste, the *approbation* this Essay meets with^b.
 “ —I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of
 “ these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely be-
 “ yond their merit. This, though an empty, has been
 “ a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the
 “ times has given him *reputation*^c.—If, after the cruel
 “ treatment so many extraordinary men (Spencer, lord
 “ Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and
 “ others) have received from this country, for these
 “ last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew
 “ all that penury changed at once to riot and profuse-
 “ ness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than
 “ would have satisfied the greater part of those extraor-
 “ dinary men; the reader to whom this one creature
 “ should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of
 “ art and nature, would believe that all the great quali-
 “ ties of these persons were centered in him alone. But
 “ if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE
 “ OF ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader
 “ would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slan-
 “ derer; or that the reign of the last (queen Anne’s)
 “ ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools^d.”

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription

^b Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

^c Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

^d Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

for his Homer, of 200l. from king George I. and 100l. from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS^e ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not *one jest* in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us, it is much more execrable than all his works^f. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Duffey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P's, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a Play of the lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe^g;" which proved "to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver^h." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, "That his own Plays and Farces would better have adorned the Dun-ciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted,

^e Rem. on Homer, p. 8.

^g Ibid. p. 6.

^f Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

^h Gulliv. p. 336.

with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy^k: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public^l. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, fatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then he disguised it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that

i Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

k Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

l The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Of the P O E M.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and antient kind. Homer, (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssy gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. **MARGITES** was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *dunce the first*; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first Epic Poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssy.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive

ceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost : and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic Poem ; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad ! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next describe the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land : whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either : for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

* Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the *only* way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chapt. viii.

the causes creative of such authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *allegory*^b (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ^cHe proceedeth to shew the *effects* they produce^d: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that *self-opinion*^f which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable *action*^g: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *name*^h: he finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the hero of the Poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories setting forth the

^b Boslu, chap. vii.

^c Book I. ver. 32, &c.

^d Ver. 45 to 54.

^e Ver. 57 to 77.

^f Ver. 80.

^g Ibid. chap. vii. viii.

^h Boslu,

chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *episodes*, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, “a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *filly flies*”: but adds, our author’s wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever.”

The *descriptions* are singular, the *comparisons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of *diction*, is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical authority (though,

as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the antients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred*^k. True it is, that the talents for *criticism*, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry: witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

^k See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO of the POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *person* of the *hero* fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first built their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained,

ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *hero*, and put upon such action as befiteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, fatiated with the contemplation of these *suns* of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *goose* and *serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil
 " men, neither are they delighted with the good and
 " just. For contrary objects must either excite con-
 " trary affections, or no affections at all. So that he
 " who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the
 " bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love
 " the good; because to love good men proceedeth from
 " an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a ten-
 " derness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, (more lively and cholerick than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion inclineth her to the flegmatic:) and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a Satiric Tragedy. Happily, one of these antient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon*
Cyclops,

Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of *Minerva*; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the *Epics* of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy: in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater *Epic* should be an *honest man*; or, as the French critics express it, *un bonnête homme*^a: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the little *Epic* should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our *Dunciad*, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a *Dunciad*. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what neoteric critics call the *parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little *Epic*. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are *wisdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence springeth *heroic virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity*, *assurance*, and *debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of *vanity*, when arising

^a Si un Heros Poétique doit être un bonnête homme. Bossu du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till Wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT^b." This, we see, is *vanity* according to the *heroic* gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *virtues* we *have not*; but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *vices*, which every body knows *we have*. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them^c." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our *Dunciad*; namely, "whether it would not be *vanity* in him to take shame to himself for *not being a wise man*^d?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb: while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that same courage all collected into the *face*. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His bravery we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess but would likewise glory in," adds, *If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER*^e." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, "which made his *FACE* more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the

^b Ded. to the life of C. C.

^c Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

^d Id.

^e Life, p. 23. octavo.

"king-

“ kingdom ;” and his *language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* figure of speech, that which is taken from the *name of God*.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *youth* ; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *lees*, it acquireth strength by *old age* ; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use : for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by Him who best knoweth its value. “ Don't you think (argueth he) to say only *a man has his whore*^f, ought to go for little or nothing ? Because “ *defendit numerus* : take the first ten thousand men you “ meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you “ betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one “ with another, had been guilty of the same frailty.” But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself : the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at four-score. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well spent* life : not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

“ ——— Servetur ad *IMUM*

“ *Qualis ab incepto processerat.*——”

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his whore*, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence ! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was

^f Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot ;

“ And has not Colly *still* his lord and whore,

“ His butchers Henley, his free masons Moore ?

^g Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concubines*!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth *magnanimity*, the object of *admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth *buffoonery*, the source of *ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it^h, of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *reason* but *risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design MUST have been by *that faculty* as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by *our Os sublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of OUR FORM above themⁱ." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*? and whose *Os sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden^k?

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the GODS*: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly so-

^h Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

ⁱ Life, p. 23, 24.

^k Letter, p. 8.

ever then we may esteem his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of *letters*, as the antient gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force antient piety was to draw the gods into the party of *Æneas*, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of Fame. - But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON*, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *sham hero*, or *phantom*: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

“Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,”

(though *laureat* implies no more than one crowned with *laurel*, as becometh any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep*; so misbecoming the eye of empire, which, like that of providence, should never doze nor slumber.

“Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! that's a little

“ too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool¹.” However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflexion, that though it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will ⁿ *live* at least, though not *awake*; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the *British bard* and necromancer: and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being forely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *patience and shuffle the cards*.”

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero’s title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person, “ never a hero even on the stage^o”) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: that every man is the *smith* of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himself a hero* to be one of the worthiest. “ Let him (saith

¹ Letter, p. 53.
book ii, ch. 22.

^m Letter, p. 1.
^o See Life, p. 148.

ⁿ Don Quixote, Part ii.

“ he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things,
 “ and he will of course be able to atchieve them.”
 From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed
 our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the great-
 ness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly para-
 gons himself: at one time to ALEXANDER the Great,
 and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the excess and
 delicacy of his ambition^p; to HENRY the IV. of
 FRANCE, for honest policy^q; to the first BRUTUS,
 for love of liberty^r; and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
 for good government while in power^s: At another time,
 to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diversions and amuse-
 ments^t; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLI-
 AM TEMPLE, for an elegant vanity that maketh them
 for ever read and admired^u; to TWO Lord CHANCEL-
 LORS, for law, from whom, when confederate against
 him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence^w;
 and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord
 BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *pas-
 toral letters*^x.

Nor did his *actions* fall short of the sublimity of his con-
 ceit. In his early youth he *met the revolution*^y face to
 face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented
 themselves with *following* her. It was here he got ac-
 quainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so
 honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he
 shone in courts as well as in camps: he was *called up*
 when *the nation fell in labour of this revolution*^z; and was a
 gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies^a.

As to his *birth*, it is true he pretended no relation either
 to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was
 descended from a *maker* of both^b. And that he did not
 pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as
 education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth
 into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in

p Life, p. 148. q P. 424. r P. 366. s P. 457.
 t P. 18. u P. 425. w P. 436, 437. x P. 52. y P. 47.
 z P. 57. a P. 58, 59. b A statuary.

his power *to be thought no body's son at all*^c: and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the antient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phoebus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE in an artful gamester. And who fitter than offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

——ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet;

"if no one man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or amend*.

With regard to his *vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with^d." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I

^c Life, p. 6.

^d Life, p. 424.

"look

“ look upon my *follies* as the best part of my fortune^e.”
And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *buffoonery*, “ Is it (saith he) a time of
“ day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a
“ new character? I can no more put off my follies than
“ my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close
“ to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with
“ them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter
“ of mirth, &c. &c.^f” Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel* and *embalm him for posterity*.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophesy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT^g.

“ Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
“ Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus^h.”

^e Life, p. 19. ^f P. 17.
of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

^g P. 243, octavo edit.

^h Ovid,



By AUTHORITY.

By Virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for
subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised
this Piece; where finding the stile and appellation of KING
to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or
Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the
same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or
at least an Insult on that Legal Authority which has be-
stowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have
ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly
to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the
said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and
vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE
himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do
presume to fill the sawe.

OC. Ch.

THE
D U N C I A D:
T O

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK the FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription.
Then the original of the great empire of *Dulness*,
and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of
the *Goddeſs* in the city, with her private academy for
poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four
cardinal virtues. Then the Poem *haſtes into the miſt of*
things, preſenting her, on the evening of a lord mayor's
day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the
glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on *Bays* to
be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject
of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his books,
giving up the cauſe, and apprehending the period of her
empire; after debating whether to betake himſelf to the
church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raiſes an

altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of *Thulé*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of *Eusden*, the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

B O O K I.

THE mighty mother *, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings

I sing.

R E M A R K S.

THE DUNCIAD.] It is an inconvenience, to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood. For the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But, in this case, it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader, in justification of the Poet; and, on occasion of the Editor.

THE DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s, (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *single letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, an *autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an *edition* of an author in *marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our

I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

You

learned sister university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakespear*, at the Clarendon press. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakespear was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed Shakespear hath great reason to point at.

ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e*, as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this Poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet upon the whole, I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin *sic MS.* In like manner, we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year, but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first Edition, that this Poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunders filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to king George II. Now our author directly tells us, his hero is the man

“ ——— who brings

“ The Smithfield muffs to the ear of kings.”

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the *saurel*.

It

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first;

5

It appears as plainly from the *apostrophe* to the *great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

"Still Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first." BENTL.

* The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *mother*, and not the *son*, is the principal agent of this Poem: the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was antiently the custom in Rome before some great expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ibid. Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to Sawney, a Poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris"

"Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit"

"Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *conjectural emendation*, purely my own, upon each: first, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Æn. ii. 513.* from the *altar* of Jupiter Herceus that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is as surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *toft on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum beneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBL.

Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this Poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

I. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Say,

Say, how the Goddesses * bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, 'ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos § and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind †, 15
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind ‡.

* The poet ventureth to sing the Action of the Goddesses; but the Passion she impresseth on her illustrious votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves.

SCRIBL.

§ The beauty of the whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it; but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that Chaos (according to Hesiod's *Georgica*) was the progenitor of all the gods. SCRIBL.

† I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degree of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or, (as one saith, on a like occasion)

"We'll see his work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,

"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies."

BENTL.

‡ The native anarchy of the mind is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the Passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS, in this absence of reason; who, though she cannot regulate them like reason, yet blunts and deadens their vigour, and indeed produces some of the good effects of it: hence it is that Dulness has often the appearance of reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the candid poet is careful to tell it in the very introduction of his Poem. It is to be observed indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in antient days; but we may form an idea of it from her partial government in latter times.

Still her old empire to restore * she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh Thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver § ! 20
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair †,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind ‡,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind ;
From thy Bœotia tho' her power retires, 25
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our realm acquires ||.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead **.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand §§,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand ;

* This restoration makes the completion of the Poem. Vide book iv.

§ The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party-writings ; which take in all his works.

† The imagery is exquisite ; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The *easy chair* suits his age ; *Rab'lais' easy chair* marks his character ; and he fills and possesses it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

‡ *Ironical*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall.

|| *Ironice iterum*. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other ; Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

** The antient golden age is by poets stiled Saturnian, as being under the reign of Saturn : but in the chemical language Saturn is lead. She is here said only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age ; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

§§ Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

One cell there is *, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry §.
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 Emblem of Music caus'd by emptiness.
 Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in monsters, and amaze the town †.

35

Hence

* The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little *unendowed hall* in the neighbourhood of the magnificent college of Bedlam; and as the surest seminary to supply those learned walls with professors. For there cannot be a plainer symptom of madness than for men to chuse poverty and contempt; to starve themselves and offend the public by scribbling,

"Escape in monsters, and amaze the town,"

when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The *qualities and productions* of the students of this private academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their *actions* throughout the second; by which it appears, how near allied Dulness is to Madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical sibyl leading our hero through the regions of Vision, to animate him in the present undertaking, by a view of the past triumphs of Barbarism over Science.

§ I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candor, which every where appear in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

† Ovid has given us a very orderly account of these escapes.

"Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras:

"Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu;

"Nunc violentus Aper; nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,

"Anguis eras; modo te faciebant cornua Taurum:

"Sæpe Lapis poteras."

Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides give us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by Proteus must certainly be meant a hacknied town-scribbler; and by his transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his irreconcilable enemy, the bailiff. And in this light, doubtless Horace understood the fable, where, speaking of Proteus, he says,

"Quam rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,

"Fict aper," &c.

Proteus

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post * : 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines §,
 Hence Journals, Medley's, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES † :
 Sepulchral lies ‡, our holy walls to grace,
 And new-year odes ||, and all the Grub-street race.

VOL. II.

A a

In

Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and Letters : and what is a town-scribbler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science ? By the change then into a *bear*, is meant his character of a *ferocious and dirty party-writer* ; the *snake* signifies a *libeller* ; and the *horns of the bull*, the *dilemmas of a polemical answerer*. These are three great parts he assumes ; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again, as the last change into a *stone* denotes, into his natural state of immoveable stupidity. Hence it is, that the poet, where speaking at large of all these various metamorphoses, in the second book, describes Mother Osborne, the great antetype of our Proteus, in ver. 312, after all her changes, as at last quite *stupidified to stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed *Sophistam, magum, politicum, præsertim rebus omnibus sese accommodantem*. Which in English is, A political writer, a libeller and a disputer, writing indifferently for or against every party in the state, every sect in religion, and every character in private life. See my Fables of Ovid explained.

ABBE BANIER.

* Two booksellers, of whom see book ii. The former was fined by the court of King's-bench for publishing obscene books ; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

§ It is an antient English custom for the malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn ; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

† The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse ; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler ; the dirty scum of every stagnant news-paper ; the rags of worn out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill ; under the title of Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c. equally the disgrace of human wit, morality and common sense.

‡ Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs ; which occasioned the following epigram :

" Friend ! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,

" So very much is said :

" One half will never be believ'd,

" The other never read."

|| Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every
 New.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone* : 45
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake § : 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail :
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.
 Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 Till genial Jacob †, or a warm Third-day,
 Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play :
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60

New-year's-day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *new-year odes* of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

* See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, book iv. ver. 27, 13. It is worth while to compare this description of the majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

§ "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews in Mr. Pope, "a delight in prophaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very text from Holy Writ. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass*. Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire*. Mat. vii. 13. In *Much ado about Nothing*, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden*. Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocular scene.) In *Love's Labour Lost*, he talks of Samson's carrying the gates on his back : in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of Goliath and the weaver's beam ; and in *Henry the IV.* Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr. CURT's, the rest is Mr. THOROLD's, Appendix to Shakespeare Restored, p. 144.

† Tonsen. The famous race of booksellers of that name.

Maggots

Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes *,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes ;
 There motley images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill pair'd, and families unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance ;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace :
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race § ; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs † ;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

* It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, " he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind : " Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake Pope Alexander.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, viz. A. P—E, and they give you the idea of an *ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Papa*, which signifies a little wart ; or from *poppy*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *popysinata*, or *popysinus*." DENNIS on Hom. and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.

§ Allude to the transgressions of the *unities* in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *time* and *place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

† In the Lower Ægypt rain is of no use, the over-flowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian, No. 40. parag. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all those species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the Bathos.

SCRIBL

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall *,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
 'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave §, 85
 Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains †, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more ‡. 90
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day!
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls 95
 What city swans once sung within the walls;

* I. e. Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.

§ Viz. a lord-mayor's day; his name the author has left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agree with the chronology of the Poem. BENTL.

The procession of a lord-mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

† The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to Gold Chains, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Letas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.

‡ A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison;

" Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 " I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 " That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 " Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry:
 " Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
 " And in the smooth description murmur still."

Ibid. Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the lord mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

Much

Much she revolves their arts, their antient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's * days.
 She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son :
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel § shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line † ;

100

She

* John Heywood, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

§ The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine ;

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the Poem *De Jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other :

“ ——— One lately did not fear

“ (Without the Muse's leave) to plant verse here.

“ But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedges

“ Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers, ears on edge ;

“ Written by William Pryn, esquire, the

“ Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.

“ Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for high style

“ Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.”

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

† Laurence Eusden, poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

“ Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,

“ By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.”

Mr. Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414, affirms, “ That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridicule and the sustin’d in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind.” Farther he says of him, “ That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus ; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published.” Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, “ That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who be-

“ stowed

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
And all the mighty mad * in Dennis rage §.

In

"flowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then lord chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

"—In ruff'd Eusden, and cry'd, who shall have it,

"But I, the true laureate, to whom the king gave it?

"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,

"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,

The king had his poet, and also his fool:

But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,

That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see book ii. Of Philips, book i. verse 162. and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

* This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*, vol. viii. No—it is spoken of that *excellent and divine madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his Preface to the *Rem. on Pr. Arth.* [See notes on book ii. ver. 168.]

§ Mr. Theobald, in the *Censor*, vol. ii. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. "Did we really know how much this *poor man*" [I wish that reflection on *poverty* had been spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature. —*Poor Furius* [again] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the antients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies

"do

In each she marks her image full express,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;

Bays,

"do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *heart*, but the sacrifice of his *revenge*, &c." Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which Folly and Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I regard him (saith he) as an *enemy*, not so much to me as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic *madness of the times* have given him *reputation*, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is *power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to king George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see *what*—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl my bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *slander* and his *poison*." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D's suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also con-

cerned.

Bays, form'd by Nature, stage and town to blest *,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.

110

Dulness

earned, price two pence, called *A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1718; in the tenth page whereof he is said, "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *poison* to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *penetration* and *judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get *reputation* than *money*." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 186.

* It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spake worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself. Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Remembring she herself was Pertness once *.
 Now (shame to Fortune †) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day :
 Swearing and supperless the Hero sate ‡, 115
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play;

Quoth Cibber to Pope, " Tho' in verse you foreclose,
 " I'll have the last word; for, by G—, I'll write prose."
 Poor Colly, thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
 For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

* The Poet had told us, ver. 13, that this fair daughter of *Night* and *Chaos* was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that over-much caressing should make even *Dulness* herself *pert*, especially in her youth; though her own natural *alacrity* was in sinking, or towards *gravity*. SCRIBL.

† Because she usually shews favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.

‡ It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors have been subj. But much more refined, I will venture say, is the meaning of our author: it was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Bossu calls, a *disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of study." The language of poetry brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he *swore* all the time? BENTL.

Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slip'd thro' crags and zig-zags of the head ;
 All that on folly frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.
 Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes*, and here
 The frippery † of crucify'd Moliere ;
 There hapless Shakespear ‡, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted § for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit || but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold ;

* A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

† "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

‡ It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all."

§ It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wish'd he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

|| This library is divided into three parts: the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great * ;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete † :
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic library ! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome ‡ .
 But, high above, more solid learning § shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton || slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong-cow-hide ; 150

B b 2

There,

* " John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time ! sending in to the world so many *large volumes* ! His translations of Homer and Virgil *done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures* : and, what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good letter*." WINSTANLEY, *Lives of Poets*.

† " The duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry ; leaving to posterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her studious endeavours." WINSTANLEY, *ib.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's ; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

‡ The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities : 1. Settle was his brother laureate ; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court ; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, births days, etc. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (tho' more successful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive : *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he dress'd in a sort of *Beggars' velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick fustian* and *thin profane* ; exactly imitated in *Perolla*, and *Isidora Caesar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Johnson, who once picked up a *comedy* from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

§ Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books ; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *dry bodies of divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver. 100.

|| A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn

There, fav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear :

De Lyra* there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends †.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 155
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : these an altar raise ;

An hecatomb of pure, unspilly'd lays
That altar crowns : A folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base : 160
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;

de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Aeneis*, as a history ; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. " Happened that to my hands cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydes* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerke Vyr-gyle) which book I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader and chifes upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe wyth moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed ; wythe all thy storye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytaly, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playfant ne so well ordred : whiche booke as me semed shold be moche requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yere passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytaly and othar places, which historye the sayd Vyr-gyle made in metre." *Tilbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Miss's Journal of March 16, 1728*, concerning a *strange and marvellouse beast called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by Homer.

* *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

† *Philemon Holland*, doctor in physick. " He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else ; insomuch that he might be called *Translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman a compleat library*."

WINSTANLY.

Dulness !

Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig* was praise,
 To the last honours of the butt and bays :
 O thou ! of business the directing soul !
 To this our head like byas to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view :
 O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
 Or quite unravel † all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns ‡, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky ;

* The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. " Whatever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it : and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

† For *wit* or *reasoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulness, but when the first is founded in *truth*, and the other in *usefulness*.

‡ The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called *Successio*.

As

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
 Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same ;
 This, prose on stilts ; that, poetry fall'n lame : 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove ?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon * must have made her stand.
 What can I now ? my Fletcher † cast aside,
 Take up the Bible ‡, once my better guide ? 200
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my god ?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst ¶ the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit ?

Or

* Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey goose.

† A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, " Ah ! mon cher Cicéron ! je le connais bien ; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

‡ When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *bishop* of the church of England. Hear his own words : " At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined : but had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections, into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons and *Pastoral Letters* ?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii

¶ These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing ; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in *black* and *white*

They

Or bidst thou rather party to embrace ? 205
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race ;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist ;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist *.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal ? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories †,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories ‡ ?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O queen ! is serving thine.

They were justly stiled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically : the DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, " Shall I play fair, " or foul ? "

* George Ridpath, author of a Whig-paper, called the Flying-post ; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

† Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol ; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

" Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

" Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty ? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings* ? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* ix.

" —argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, *adesse strebat*. And why *auratis porticibus* ? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

" Romuleoque recens horrebat regia eulmo."

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent ? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

" —Auritis fidibus canoris

" Ducere quercus."

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

‡ Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever : " That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol ; for they favoured them no more than the Gau's, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been possessed of the capitol." *Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*

And

And see ! thy very Gazetteers * give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains ! Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead †, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness, to the 'Squire so dear ;
 This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer : 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
 This mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
 O born in sin ‡, and forth in folly brought ! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault)
 Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more christian progeny § !
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets ;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland ||,
 Sent with a pass, and vagrant thro' the land ;

Nor

* A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

† So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great *modesty*—*modest Cibber*—Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead*. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Hemeral*; the *dog* was the ancient, as the *biitch* is the modern, symbol of Impudence : (*Κυνος ὀμματα ἔχων* says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *dog with three heads*.—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL.

‡ This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction ; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

§ “ It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific ; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us ; of both which kinds some died in their *infancy*,” etc. Life of C. C. p. 217, 8vo. edit.

|| It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets

Nor fail with Ward *, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire ; 235
 Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your fire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's † bosom with eternal rest ! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace ‡)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face :
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand ;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes :
 The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid §, and now Perolla burns ; 250

VOL. II.

C c

Great

phlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them *Post-free* to all the towns in the kingdom.

* “ Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city, (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party.” JA COB, *Lives of Poets* vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the plantations. — Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in *Moorfields*.

† Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

‡ It is to be observed that our poet hath made his hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, be'd be damn'd* ; “ the surprise of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so *positive a manner*, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes.” P. 149, of his *Life*, octavo.

§ In the first notes on the *Dunciad*, it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. “ This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could dance on a rope.” But certain it is that he had attempted to dance

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble* in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies †.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed ‡;

Sudden

on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

* A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the government*:

“ Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son roi,

— “ Et n'a selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Boil.

He assures us, that “ when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand “ upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his “ royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he “ doubts not grieved Mr. P.”

† See Virgil, *Æn.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan horse*; there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

“ — Uterumque armato milite complent. —

“ Inelufos utero Danaos —

Can a horse be said *utero gerere*? Again,

“ — Uteroque recusso,

“ Infonuerè cavæ —

“ — Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay, is it not expressly said

“ Scandit fatalis machina muros

“ Fæta armis —

How is it possible the word *fæta* can agree with a *horse*? And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin-goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil Restored. SCRIBL.

‡ An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Phillips, a northern author. It is an usual method

of



Her ample presence fills up all the Space.

Dunciad Book I.



Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

She bids him wait her to her sacred dome*: 265

Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.

This the great mother † dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270

Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial feat of fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:

How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind: 276

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:

How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,

Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald ‡, or Ozell §. 286

C c 2

The

of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

* Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

† *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring *Quid nunc?* What news?

‡ Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney,

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed,
 And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a heideggre* and owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days:

attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, etc. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor."

DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

§ "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary *bands*. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, etc. "As to my learning, this envious Wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, etc. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, etc. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Sécchia rapita*.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publickly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!"

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

* A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Safe,

Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers *, Ward, and Gildon † rest,
 And high-born Howard ‡, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber ! thou, his laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come !
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb !
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine ;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
 And thou ! his aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear :
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming § and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310

* See on ver. 146.

† Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits ; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays ; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl ; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714 ; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes ; and others.

‡ Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late earls of Dorset and Rochester, duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

§ When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year ; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

“ *Greatest and justest Sov'REIGN ; know you this ?*

“ *Alas ! no more, than Thames' calm head can know,*

“ *Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.*

Donne to Queen Eliz.

O ! when

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land;
 Till senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine."

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal * throat:
 God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
 God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham † dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil ‡ the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log §!

* The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performances of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

† A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

‡ The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes were usually rehearsed before they were performed at court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram,

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?

"Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

"You may judge—from the Devil they come to the court,

"And go from the court to the Devil."

§ See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have

been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: what we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: and if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: and if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! If with we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: for their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

" Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
 " When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
 " Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
 " How soon ye fade away!

" To compass Phœbus' car about,
 " Thus empty vapours rise;
 " Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
 " That rear'd him to the skies.

" Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
 " There he shall ever burn:
 " Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
 " And must to Earth return.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the S E C O N D.

A R G U M E N T.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public *games* and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the *Goddeſs* in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddeſs is first pleased, for her diſport, to propose games to the *Booksellers*, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a *Poetess*. Then follow the exercises for the *Poets*, of *tickling*, *ucciferating*, *diving*: The first holds forth the arts and practices of *Dedicators*, the second of *Disputants* and *fustian Poets*, the third of *profound*, *dark*, and *dirty Party-writers*. Lastly, for the *Critics*, the Goddeſs proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hear-

ing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in *verse*, and the other in *prose*, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK the SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Theseus himself appears, according to Homer, *Odys. xlv.* proposing the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Bookellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her delight, to propose games to the Bookellers, and to fetch up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poet. Then follow the exercises for the Poet, of nothing, representing, &c. The first holds forth the arts and practices of Grammar, of Dialectic and Logic, &c. the second of Poetick, and the third of Poetick, and the fourth of Poetick. Lastly, for the Critic, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) to exercise not of their parts, but their patience, in a

BOOK

Vol. II.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub*, or Fleckno's Irish throne †,

R E M A R K S.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported : The first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion ; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it* ; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus :

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog :
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets ; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder ; and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former ; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators.

* The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub ; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii.

† Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne ; — ἐπὶ θρόνῳ τινὲς ὑψιτέρῳ μάλ᾽ αὐτοφροντικῶς καὶ σπουδαίῳ. Themistius, Orat. i.

Or that where on her * Curls the public pours,
 All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber fate : The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face. 10
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.
 Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit †, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And

* Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8,
 " This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal
 " punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to
 " call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour; but that scene of action was not in
 " the month of *March*, but in *February*." [*Curliad*, 12mo, p. 19.] And of
 the *History of his being test in a Blanket*, he saith, " Here, *Scriblerus!* thou
 " leesteth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*,
 " but a *rug*," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. *Cibber* remonstrated,
 that his brothers, at *Bedlam*, mentioned Book i. were not *Bræzen*, but *Blocks*;
 yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the rela-
 tionship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if
 we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly those of the *Printer*.
 Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the love of *Truth*, not in the
 least any *Vain-glory*, or desire to contend with *Great Authors*. And further,
 our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be
 avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light.
 However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give
 them thee in the very words of our Antagonists: not defending but retract-
 ing them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for
 surely in this Work, it hath been above all things our desire, to *provoke no*
Man.

† Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement
 which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand,
 and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was in-
 troduced as a *Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *laurel*; a
 jest

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic games.
 They summon all her Race: an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke*.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead†; And

jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; on which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy*¹. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

* This species of mirth called a *joke*, arising from a *mal-entendu*, may be well supposed to be the delight of *Dulness*.

† I. e. A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

¹ See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit *,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More † ‡.

50

All

as the poet, book iv. describes the *accomplished* sons of Dulness ; of whom this is only an *Image*, or Scarecrow, and so stuffed out with these corresponding materials.

SCRIBL.

* Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of *Apelles*, who being at a loss to express the foam of *Alexander's* horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

† *CURL*, in his *Key to the Dunciad*, affirmed this to be *James-Moore Smith, Esq*; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir," (said the thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did it for mere want ; be so good " but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See gentleman what a thief " we have among us ! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrow'd of *Dr. Arbuthnot* a paper called an *Historico-physical Account of the South Sea* ; and of *Mr. Pope* the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, which for two years he kept and read to the *Rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq*; and many others as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost ; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* *Miscellanies*. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it : unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *April 3, 1728*.) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces," (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their " being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram ;

- " Moore always smiles whenever he recites ;
- " He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
- " And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
- " A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought

All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
 Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
 But lofty Lintot * in the circle rose :
 " This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;
 " With me began this genius, and shall end." 55
 He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl † ; " Behold that rival here !

" The thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late earl Rivers, who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, " That Pope might now be the *first*, because Moore had left him unrival'd, in turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work ; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

Hic castus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. Evans : *Cosmelia*, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, etc. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker ; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagin'd by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion : since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him ; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More* ; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well proved the contrary.

‡ It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μῶρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moria vocabulum accedit quam et ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of *Moria* Encomium to Sir Tho. More ; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More ! et moriam tuam graviter defende*. Adieu, More ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

* We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers ; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned.

† We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
 " So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and run. 60
 Swift as a bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna * chanc'd that morn to make : 70

(Such

beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever ; he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity : he speaks like the intrepid Diomed ; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles ; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus ; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods* ; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard ; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter : Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory ; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present, (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic : After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings : witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality ; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him : So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, " that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man."

* This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured some

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth * the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any God's, or more; 80
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms †.

some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost 'a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

* Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words *οἶσθ* and *ῥίμω* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance with modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this Episode, and in the following one to Eliza. Mr. Dryden, in *Mack-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing Alley*, *Reliefs of the Bum*, etc. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his *Georgics*) *tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *tickling, chattering, braying, or diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Book-sellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes*; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between Libellers and common Nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster wenches.

† The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-Keys, Lintot's.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas *,
 Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind,
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply ; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that ichor which from Gods distils †.

In office here fair Cloacina ‡ stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands :
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r, 95
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare !
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 Lift'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ; 100
 Where as he fish'd || her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices § for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises ; from the effluvia strong 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ; 110

* See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus, where this fiction is more extended.

† Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

— — — — — ἢ δ' ἀμβροτος αἶμα θεῶν,
 Ἰχῶρ, οἷον περ τε πρὸς μακαρεσσὶ θεοῖσιν.

"A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,

"Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed."

Milton.

‡ The Roman goddess of the common sewers.

|| See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

§ Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments us'd by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night,
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift*.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor † snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120
 Heav'n rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ‡;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins || run : delusive thought! 125
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel §, the varlets caught.

E c 2

Our

* Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See Note on ver. 50.

† This line has been loudly complain'd of in *Mist*, June 8. *Dedic.* to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets: but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here apply'd it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." (*Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.)

‡ These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P——. Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P——, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says Curl, *Key*, p. 11.

|| Booksellers and printers of much anonymous stuff.

§ I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50, of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates*; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his

second

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph * for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 135
 To him the Goddess : Son ! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town † :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries ;) 136
 Be thine, my Stationer ! this magic gift ‡ ;
 Cook shall be Prior ||, and Concanen, Swift § :
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison *. 140

With

second assertion to be credited any more than his first ? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet : But where is such a satire to be found ? where was such a writer ever heard of ? As for Befaleel, it carries forgery in the very name ; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever liv'd ; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

* *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

† It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obsecure hands under the names of eminent authors.

‡ In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy brethren of Grubstreet been taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics ! who when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name* ; as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

|| The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of the Poets*, in which Philips and Welsford were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals* ; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which Theobald wrote notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

§ In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

* Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton,

Dr.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face *)

A shaggy

Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in *parts of private character*, and introduce *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

" The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
" (Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
" To shew us which way blows the wind.

" Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point instruction ev'ry way.

" With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive :
" One potent drop let this but shed,
" And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive,
" Becomes a precious mummy dead."

* " The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *genius* : An honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for " his *rueful length of face* !" *Mist's Journal*, June 8. This *genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; " Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a
" monster

A shaggy tapstry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus old, or Dunton's modern bed:

Instructive

"monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disadvantage, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species; and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. DENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observ'd by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of Charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic: For what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little *after a young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion*, or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *Batavo*, *Calceatum caput*, *Scurra in trivitiis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.

SCRIB.

The good Scriblers here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

"While malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celestial fire;
"While critics, and while bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth assail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"These times, tho' many a friend bewail,
"These times bewail not I.

"But

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture 145
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin * flagrant from the scourge below.

" But when the world's loud praise is thine,
 " And spleen no more shall blame,
 " When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
 " In one establish'd fame,
 " When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
 " Devote a wreath to thee ;
 " That day (for come it will) that day
 " Shall I lament to see.

Ver. 143. A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff : like that which is spoken of by Donne—" Faces as frightful
 " as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings." The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* 5.

Ver. 144. Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty, very copiously. Sat. 3, v. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codrus, &c.

" Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
 " That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out :
 " His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
 " Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd ;
 " And to support this noble plate, there lay,
 " A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
 " His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
 " Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
 " Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
 " And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
 " 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 " And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.

DRYD.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the *Dunciad*, assures us that, " Juvenal never satirized the poverty
 " of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

* John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer* : He was sentenced to be whipt through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned king James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of queen Anne.

There Ridpath, Roper*, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies †,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows ?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

See in the circle next ‡, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waste ;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall † dress'd. 160

* Authors of the Flying-Post and Post-Boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

† The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, *etc.* in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

‡ In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet, (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible ; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poetry.

SCRIBLERUS.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood* ; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself " to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and " *that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow creatures* ; that, " though she should find the *little inadvertencies of her own life* recorded in his " papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not " but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the Female Dunciad. p. 18.

† The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes, in 12mo. with her picture thus dressed up before them.

The

The Goddess then : " Who best can send on high
 " The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky :
 " His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 " With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 " This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome, 165
 " Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne * and Curl accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)
 One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)

A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face :

Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.

Not so from shameless Curl ; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180

So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountains scorns :

* A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part ; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price : of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739.
 " How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his
 " works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame ! How, with honour
 " to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done ! What an
 " ingratitude to be charged on the *Only benefi poet* that lived in 1738 ! and
 " than whom *Virtue* has not had a *briller Trumpeter* for many ages ! That
 " you were once *generally admired and esteemed* can be denied by none ; but
 " that your works are now despised, is verified by *this fact* : " which being
 utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just
 chastisement on the bookseller.

Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn *;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes : 185
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st victor, of the high-wrought day †,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.

Osborne,

* In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right : For first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of his works : To instance only in his Homer :

- (1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
- (2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows,
- (3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.
- (4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
- (5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.
- (6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
- (7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent ; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time : But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

† Some affirm, this was originally, *well p—st day* ; but the poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger ; he exclaims against all such *conjectural Emendations* in this manner, " Let it suffice, O Pallas ! that every noble Antient, Greek or Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every Dutch, German, and Swiss schoolmaster ! Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce so marble so solid, as not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from critics ! When these men have ceas'd to rail, let them not begin to do

" worse

Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contended home. 190

But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train!
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.

His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
"He wins this patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli * the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley † his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

F f 2

But

"worse, to comment! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of
"all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate!
"which can befall only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will
"befall them only from such dull ones as could never write!"

* An Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

† Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht. *O Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse manumque ejus et mentem direxisse CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferms opera, æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impostum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically. (that is, verbally) translated:

"Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb, we much
"desire to adore. O mighty Column of our Republic! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an Hero! That to such and so great a Man GOD was ever
"present,

But Welsted* most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving pain;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus†, in despair,
Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.

What

“ present, in *every thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his
“ heart, is a *Most Absolute Certainty*! For it is in a manner by the operation
“ of this *Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! how much too long an
“ one!) brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most honourable*
“ *Conditions*. O day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the terrors of
“ his country were ended, and a *PEACE* (long wish'd for by *almost all Eu-*
“ *rope*) was restored by HARLEY, the love and delight of the people of
“ England.”

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several noble lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the lord Bolingbroke abused for that very *PEACE* which he here makes the *single work* of the earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

* Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. Pope, and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the *Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator*; and there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Plus Bâché*, or the *Art of Sinking*, as a *Didapper*, and after as an *Eel*; is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a *Mole*, by the author of the ensuing *Simile*, which was handed about at the same time:

“ Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
“ That painful animal, a Mole:
“ Above ground never born to grow;
“ What mighty stir it keeps below?
“ To make a Mole-hill all this strife!
“ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
“ How proud a little dirt to spread:
“ Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
“ 'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
“ It blunders into light and dies.”

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

† The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors

What force have pious vows ! The queen of Love 215
 Her sister sends, her vot'refs, from above,
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his grace's secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl *,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell † !
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three cat-calls ‡ be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe :
 And his this drum, whose horse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And Noise and Norton §, Brangling and Breval.

to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men : That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puffed Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBL.

* The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same ; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy, of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath ! that is my thunder."

† A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy.

‡ Certain musical instruments used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.

§ See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Dennis

Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the gild awake; 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay;
 So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows, 255
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield*! thine.
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chanc'ry-lane † retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring-hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

* The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *Bigotry* and *Enthusiasm* are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

† The place where the offices of Chancery is kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long *.

This

* A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

“Writ to the rumbling of his coach’s wheels,”

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio: the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. ’Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, “that this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer.” Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25, who says, “Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers.” Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: “Blackmore’s *Action* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem*: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprizing, nor pathetic.”—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no *Genius*; first laying down, that “Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many men (says he) have their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints nor the Motions.” Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 276.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. “It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a *Papist* *rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atreides*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end *) 270

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

" Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in, 275

" Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin †,

" And who the most in love of dirt † excel,

" Or dark dexterity † of groping well.

" Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around

" The stream, be his the weekly Journals † bound ; 280

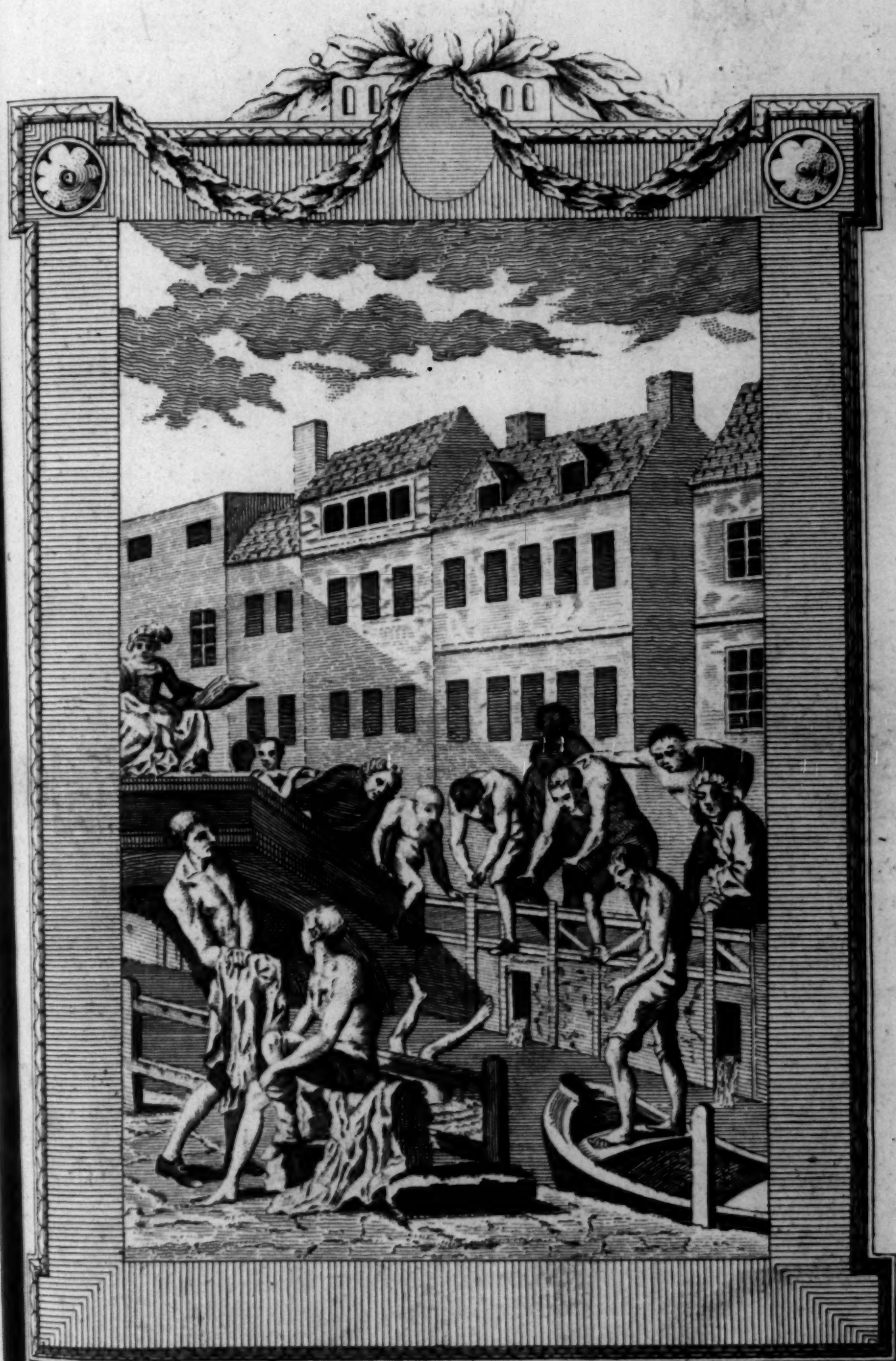
" A pig

" behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up
" with a contempt for those sacred writings ; now shew me another *Popish*
" *rhymester* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis ; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irrigien*. " All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they
" cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they
" directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England ; for the visible
" descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the
" Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince
" Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of Eng-
" land be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial ma-
" chines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but
" divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they
" have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the
" doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial Clergy-
" man to consider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

* It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell—This is to mark punctually the time of the day : Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers dinner : our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day : the first book passed in that night ; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the city and the Temple of the Goddess.

† The three chief qualifications of Party-writers : to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.

‡ Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal,



Here prove who best can dash thro' thick & thin.

Dunciad Book II.



" A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;

" A peck of coals a-piece * shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands †,

And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;

Then sighing thus, " And am I now threescore ? 285

" Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ‡ ?"

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nal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Congenien, and others ; persons never seen by our author.

* Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pick-pocket, an Highwayman, or a Knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pick-pocket, an *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, &c.

† Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our nation ; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it ; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own Simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." " In Poetry he was not so happy " as laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of *Omicron the unborn Poet*." Curl, Key, p. 13, " He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," said that great Judge Mr. Jacob in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History ; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them ; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

‡ Very reasonably doth this ancient Critic complain : Without doubt it was a fault in the Constitution of things. For the *World*, as a great writer faith,

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd * ; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then essay'd — † ; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
 He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen ‡ creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep : 300

If

faith, *being given to a man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL.

But we need not go so far, to remark what the Poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.

* In the surreptitious editions, this whole Epifode was applied to an initial letter E —, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work : whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker ; and particularly whole volumes of *Billingsgate* against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

† A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

‡ MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis* of *Scriblerus*, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead *Scurrilities* in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*.

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
 No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make,
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back* :
 Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310

Fast by, like Niobe † (her children gone)
 Sits Mother Osborne ‖, stupify'd to stone !

And Monumental Brass this record bears,
 " There are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers § !"

G g 2

Nor

culatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others : To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundo clamavi*. He was since a hired Scribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

* These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

† See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described.

‖ A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

§ We ought not to suppose that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which

Not so bold Arnall * ; with a weight of skull, 315
 Furious he drives, precipitately dull,
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The

which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men : though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money ; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for enquiring into the conduct of R. earl of O. " That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen Shillings*, were paid to Authors and Printers of News papers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the current dullness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remember'd ; nor even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author :

" Seen him I have ; but in his *hoppier hour*

" Of social Pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r !

" Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal Tribe,

" Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

• WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers ; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy : Witness a paper, called the Free Briton ; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He

writ

The plunging Prelate *, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.
 When lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood 325
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud ;
 Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares :
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdaniante brown,
 Yy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
 As Hylas fair † was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx ‡ here rises from the Shades.

That

writ for hire, and valued himself upon it ; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforefaid REPORT, that he received “ for Free Britons, and
 “ other writings, in the space of four years, no less than *ten thousand nine*
 “ *hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence*, out of the Trea-
 “ *fury*.” But frequently, thro' his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of
 his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

* It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly
 great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power
 in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the Scheme of no power at
 all, in the religious ; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as
 to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this in-
 sinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might
 understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in
 another part of the poem.

† Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The
 story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

‡ Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερίδων Τηλαρῆσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
 “Ος ἔ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καμλιζέρον ὕδαρ.
 Οὐδ' ὄγε Πηνιᾷ συμμίσγειται ἀργυροδίη.
 Ἀλλὰ τί μιν καθύ πέρθεν ἐπιρῶσει ἤ τ' ἐλαίον.
 “Ορκα γὰρ δεινὸν Στυγὸς ὕδατος ἐστὶν ἀπορῶν.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.
 Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv.
 See also Lucian's true History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically
 represent

That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
 They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;
 And Milbourn * chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 "Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 "Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
 He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd drefs.
 Around him wide † a fable army stand, 355
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

Prompt

represent the *Disaffection* or *visionary Madness* of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. *Ecl.* x.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos.

"Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam"

And again, *Æn.* iii.

Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,

Ocultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc

Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

2. Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

† It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, tho' solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers or Factions; and tho' educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they

fall

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifts, who fight for any God, or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates *, along the well known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess ; and in pomp proclaims 365
A gentler exercise to close the games.

" Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales
" I weigh what author's heaviness prevails :
" Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
" My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;
" Attend the trial we propose to make : 371
" If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
" Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
" And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye † ;
" To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to fit 375
" Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
" To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion ; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots ; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.

* " King Lud repairing the city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore." *Stow's Survey of London.*

† See Hom. Odyss. xii. Ovid, Met. i.

Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same; 380
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
 The pond'rous books too gentle readers bring!
 The heroes fit, the vulgar form a ring,
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum, 385
 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
 Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on*;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 390
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
 Thrice Budget aim'd to speak †, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal ‡, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here* ||. 400

Who

* "All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject;" says an enemy, in his *Essay on the Dunciad*, p. 21.

† Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, etc. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 239. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

‡ Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. Toland, the Author of the *Atheist's liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay to lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against earl S—, which was suppress'd, while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it,



*And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As Verse or Prose infuse the drowsy God.*

Dunciad.



Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes,
 As what a Dutchman * plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the mid-moist the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*, 410
 At last Centlivre † felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er ‡,
 Morgan || and Mandevil § could prate no more;

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H h

Norton

it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

|| This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

* It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader, therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

As the small pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody; but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not a *poem burlesqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from a *burlesque poem*) there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for instance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Clobber's breast,
 it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his *armour-bearer* only, Let this be said to explain our Author's parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or sacred writers.

† Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 31) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

‡ A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. — William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed 1726. Mr. Law affirmed,

Norton * from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung, 215
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
 Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay. 420

affirmed, that "The Playhouse is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleasure of the Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are hearing Music in the very porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the Stage were Jacobites and Nonjurors; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, tho' I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the duke d'Amont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late rebellion." DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. ult. The same Mr. Law is Author of a book, intitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel*; in which he has detailed a System of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology, and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Beelman, a German Cobler.

|| A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title; for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.

§ This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the Imposition of fools; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy.

* Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the flying Post, in which well bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Why

Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink * :
 While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet †
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

425

* This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances*; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend Person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,
 and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that "if a Priest be seen in
 " any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illu-
 " sion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men
 " on purpose to cause scandal."

† A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the T H I R D.

A R G U M E N T.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the *Elysian shade*; where, on the banks of *Lethe*, the souls of the dull are dipped by *Bavius*, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Vision*, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future; how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of *Great Britain*, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what de-

grees

grees it should be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject *Settle* breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with *Farces*, *Operas*, and *Shows*; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the *Theatres*, and set up even at *Court*: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of *Arts* and *Sciences*: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.





A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along.

Dunciad, Book III.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know *.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles and talks with Gods :
 Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl † led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song ;

Her

R E M A R K S.

* VER. 5, 6, etc.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuses in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity. SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. BENTL.

† This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real *Madness*, as that which produces real *Dulness*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were
ever,

Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams,
 Taylor*, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes†, propitious still to Blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy‡ on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius fits ||, to dip poetic souls,

And

ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of *beat*, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas *fire* in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of *Wit*, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of *Holiness*. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the *dwelling over long on one subject or idea*. Now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by Dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

* John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a poet!

" I must confess I do want eloquence,

" And never scarce did learn my Accidence;

" For having got from *possum* to *posset*,

" I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alchouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

† A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

‡ Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

|| Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated* and *detestad* for his evil works; *Qui Bavius non odit*; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* thro' the whole course of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

Mr.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears * unbar the gates of Light,
 Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory †.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : When lo ! a Sage appears, 35
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears ‡,

VOL. II.

I i

Known

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been cockcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

* Bookfellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Bookfellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

† John Ward of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Dürgen, 8vo. p. 14. 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the *Law* is deficient not to punish him! nay, a *Crime* which *Man* can scarce forgive, or *Time* efface! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," etc. to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court.) But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the poet, when he stood there.

‡ This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics;
 Dennis,

Known by the band and suit which Settle * wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son :
 Oh born to see what none can see awake !
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.

Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the *pillory*, mentioned two lines before ; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it ! Yet that *Schooliast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part ;) so likewise Concannen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

* Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that " he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the *preference*." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf : " Poor Settle was formerly the *mighty rival* of Dryden ; nay, for many years, bore his reputation *above* him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, " How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle ! " Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions ! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems, and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts.) " Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden ; and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge, was divided which to prefer ; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Thou,

Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bæotian * to Bæotian roll? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
 As man's Meanders to the vital spring 35
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in the centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.
 Ascend this hill †, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the Poles ‡ where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70

* Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; tho' it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Greece.

† The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from v. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where Science *never* rose; then from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by Tyranny; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of Barbarians; from ver. 96 to 106, by Superstition. Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review.

‡ Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.

(Earth's wide extremes) her fable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward * cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun :
One god-like Monarch † all that pride confounds, 75
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds ;
Heav'ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll ‡,
And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ! 90
See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genferic ! and Attila's dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore ||)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by Laws.

* Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations.

† Chi Ho-am-ti emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

‡ The caliph, Omar I. having conquer'd Egypt, caus'd his general to burn the Ptolomæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *ΤΥΧΗ ΙΑΤΡΙΕΙΟΝ*, The Physick of the Soul.

|| Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

See Christians, 'Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Western world believe and sleep.

100

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore * ;
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius' mourn.

105

See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods :
'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn †,

And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ;

110

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

* A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him. *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Mathesin iussit ab aula; sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio debet probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major auctoritas, & diligentia studiorum.* Desiderius, archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this pope) *in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt; Et quam grave nefandumque sit, Episcopis conere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy; *Quia in superstitionibus & sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same pope is accus'd by Vossius and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, etc. than to holy things. Bayle Dict.

† After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroy'd more monuments of antiquity out of rage than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples by converting them into churches, and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of Holofernes.

Behold

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers, 115
 Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That one was Britain—Happy! had she never seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been*.
 In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
 Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
 Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
 This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
 Dove-like †, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause ‡!
 See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God;
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
 Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round;
 And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

* Wars in England antiently, about the time of celebrating Easter.

† This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

‡ I. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Freethinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this College of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full Glory.

A second fee, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
 Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
 And ans'ring gin-shops sowerer sighs return.
 Jacob *, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law †. 150
 Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's ‡ funereal frown.

Lo

* "This gentleman is son of a considerable malster of Romsey, in Southam-
 tonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney; who, between
 his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great
 admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his
 genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays*, and
 a great many law books, *The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice*,
 &c." Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. i. He very grossly, and
 unprovok'd, abused in that book the author's friend Mr. Gay.

† There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved
 our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument: "He
 had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he would never have sub-
 scribed two guineas to me for one small book in octavo." [Jacob's Letter
 to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49.] There-
 fore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob like that of
Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great im-
 pression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give
 proof of his Repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select Works, and
 afterwards to my two Volumes of Letters," Ibid. p. 80. We should
 hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by
 some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when
 thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy mo-
 tives are Good-nature or Charity.

‡ These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and
 one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the
 former dying, the latter succeeded him in Honour and Employment. The first
 was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High Ger-
 man Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in
Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious
Inuendoes he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent
 practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this
 man was made the following Epigram:

" You

Lo sneering Goode *, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass † :
 Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All croud, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
 Some strain in rhyme ; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks ; 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164
 Silence, ye Wolves ! while Ralph ‡ to Cynthia howls,
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls !
 Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way,—and Morris || may be read.

“ You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,

“ Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks !

“ You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,

“ The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P——le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

* An ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, call'd *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

† There were several successions of these sorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, etc. singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season ; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

‡ James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled *Night*, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *English Poets*, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, “ *Shakespeare* “ writ without rules.” He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnauld, and received a small pittance for pay.

|| Besaleel. See Book ii.

Flow,

Flow, Welsted *, flow ! like thine inspirer, Beer ;
 Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ; 179
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis ! Gildon ah † ! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?

VOL. II.

K k

Blockheads

* Of this author, see the Remark on Book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him :

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent of the two Universities, which should have the *honour* of his education. To compound this, he (*civily*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a *Combination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner; in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he *even rival'd his masters*—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love tale—all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. *WELSTED of Himself, Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, etc. in 1742.

† These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition :

*How parts relate to parts, and they to whole ;
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul.*

Whereas had they followed the example of those *microscopes of wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned Languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apostacy of the *Prebendary of Rochester*, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the *FRAZ-SIDE*, and *DREAMS* upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belabour'd *Observations*.
 SERIAL.

Here,

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
 Behold yon Pair * in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

Equal

Here, Scribblers, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning.

ARIST.

The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's *Life*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. Dursley, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

* One of these was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the duke of *Buckingham*, and bishop of *Rockester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram:

" — and Ducket, friends in spite,
 " Came hissing out in verse;
 " Both were so forward, each would write,
 " So dull, each hung an A —.
 " Thus *Amphisbœna* (I have read)
 " At either end assails;
 " None knows which leads or which is led,
 " For both Heads are but Tails."

After many editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names
 of

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a Consul *, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 “ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?”
 Right well mine eyes arede † the myfter wight ‡,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius || hight §.

K k 2

To

of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: That between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something further. “ Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which God and Nature designed. — Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and, “ Sir, you have eight very fine Children,”—etc. [*Dedic. to Dennis; Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator’s brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark. “ That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excuseable at this juncture; “ since when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men’s minds to the natural desire of women.” DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. Law, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together.

* Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

† *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ READE THY
 “ READ, take thy Counsaile. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the
 “ first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

The man is blest that hath not bent

To wicked READ his ear.

“ But in the last spurious editions of these singing Psalms the word READ
 “ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions, because not only here, but
 “ quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are *strange alterations*, all for
 “ the worse; and yet the Title page stands as it used to do! and all (which
 “ is *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to
 “ Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were
 “ Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the in-
 novators

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls *, see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type, 195
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,

“innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for *Uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old English Saxon tongue*.”
HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Glouc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *Uniformity* should think all alterations in a language, *strange, abominable, and unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.

SCRIBL.

† Uncouth mortal.

‡ Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT; “Others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his translation into Metre of the cxivth Psalm, v. 14.

“I to the Lord will pay my vows,

“That I to him BEHIGHT;

“Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon) have most *unwarrantably* alter'd it thus,

“I to the Lord will pay my vows,

“With joy and *great delight*.

§ In Cumberland they say to *bight*, for to *promise*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called*; and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland.” Hearne, *ibid*.

* These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *be delighted in matters of difficulty*. Some body said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.

While

While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest fight ! his breeches rent below ;
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley * stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands, 200

* J. Henley the Orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. " He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John's college in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy ; for it *fock'd* him to find he was *commanded to believe* against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, etc. for his genius leading him freely to *dispute all propositions*, and *call all points to account*, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not *necessary to conform to the Christian religion*, in order either to *Deaconship or Priesthood*." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, " was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because *he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel*." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite ; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the *Restorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought " it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as another ; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons ; so set up his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of ; he had success against all opposition ; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none would dispute with him* ; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day ; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects ; undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and universities teach in *five* ; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the *Church, and all that in danger*." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turn'd his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room ; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist*.—This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers : the device, a Star-rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SYMMA ; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

How

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson * preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ; 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolfson's days †.
 Yet oh, my sons ‡, a father's words attend :
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame || :
 But

* Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

† Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book ii. Tho. Woolfson was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1626, etc.

‡ The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

|| Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. " As
 " to mathematical demonstration (saith he) founded upon the Proportions
 " of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures,
 " these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they
 " have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, the Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [*mathematical Principles*] is greatly abated of late, and tho' it is now
 " upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philosophers, SIR
 " ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the
 " Ark of God, *Scripture Philosophy* ; for so long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have
 " been published ; and the Treatise of Power *essential and Mechanical*, in which
 " Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT,
 " has

But oh ! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense,
 Content, each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye DUNCES* ! not to scorn your God†."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
 Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul ;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire :
 See now, what Dulness and her Sons admire !
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art. 230

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophecy'd †)
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorc'rer rise §,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.

"has been published a dozen years ; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lye."—*The philosophical Principles of Moses asserted*, etc. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington. London 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

* The hardest lesson a Duncce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have a late example in a book intitled, *Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding*.

† See this subject pursued in Book iv.

‡ Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

§ Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Hell

Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth * :

Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,

'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,

Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :

Another Cynthia her new journey runs,

And other planets circle other suns.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,

245

Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;

And last, to give the whole creation grace,

Lo ! one vast Egg † produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;

What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought ?

250

Son ; what thou seek'st is in thee ! Look, and find

Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.

Yet would'st thou more ! In yonder cloud behold,

Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,

A matchless Youth ! his nod these worlds controuls,

Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round

Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :

Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,

Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

260

Immortal Rich ‡ ! how calm he sits at ease

'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;

And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air

265

New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber || there !

Both

* This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

† In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatch'd upon the stage, out of a large Egg.

‡ Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

|| The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words,

Booth* in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons † thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal Praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars ‡;
 Tho' long my Party || built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:

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L 1

Yet

words, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.---But let the question go, which way it will, Harry IVth. has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer, only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it.

* Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

† In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will understand it *allegorically* only.

‡ Annual trophies on the Lord-mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

|| Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish success*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had managed

the

Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on ! 285
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heav'n ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste *,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,
 'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway ;
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme † to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !

T.

the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in king James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention ; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years

* It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure " they must needs mean no body but King GEORGE and Queen CAROLINE ; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself " by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent " with his *allegiance*." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, etc. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

† He translated the Italian Opera of *Polifemo* ; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman* : After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid : They enquire *who has hurt him ?* he answers *Noman* ; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible.

Hence

To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto * with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire †.
 Another Æschylus ‡ appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames, like Semele's ||, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
 Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets Tombs see Benson's § titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips * * is preferr'd for Wit!

L 1 2

See

Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pannology*.

* Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

† In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rival'd each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

‡ It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

|| See Ovid, Met. iii.

§ W——m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assu-

rance

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall* :
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay † dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330
 Hibernian

rance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

* "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Burton's, and a justice of the peace:" But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government*; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the *Examiner*: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

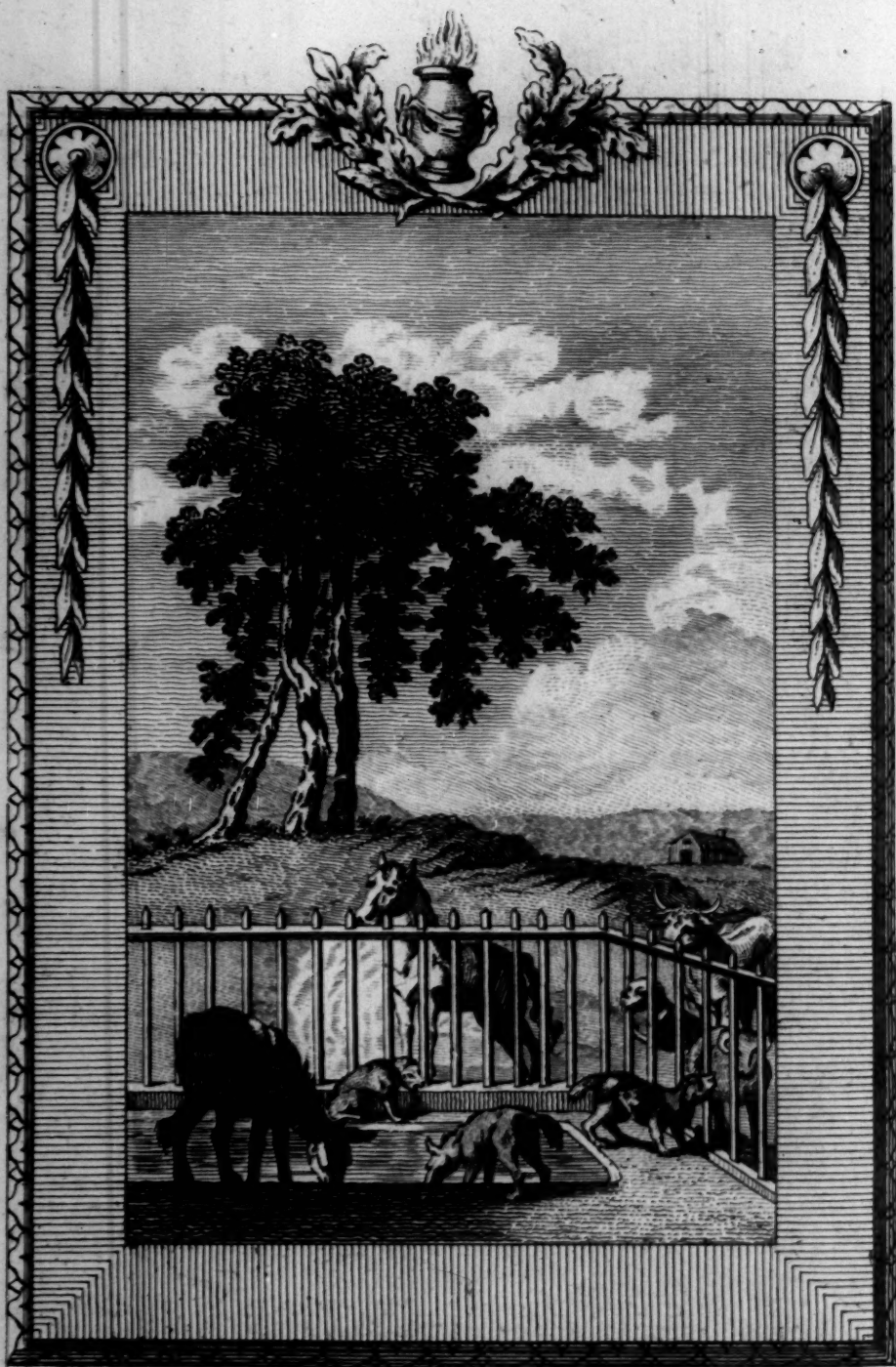
* At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

† See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call it*, *Fables*; and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace

"*Primores populi aripuit, populumque tributim,*"
 could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, etc. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorta. The fame of it was

not





Proceed great Days! — Dunciad.

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate *;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate †.

Procced, great days ‡! 'till learning fly the shore,
'Till Birch || shall blush with noble blood no more,
'Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
'Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

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not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1718. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

* See Book i. ver. 26.

† The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, *etc.* and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

‡ It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these Instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

|| Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. *The Devil* (saith he) *licensed Bishops to license Masters of Schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the beateben Gods, their religion, etc. The Schools and Universities will soon be tired and ashamed of Classics and such trumpery.* HUTCHINSON'S *Use of Reason recovered.*

SCRIBL.

'Till

'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port?
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

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The END of the THIRD BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D.

B O O K the F O U R T H.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation*; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth. How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silences the *Muses*; and *what* they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts: such as Half wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the *Geniuses* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to *Words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The *Universities* appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education. The speech of *Aristarchus* on this subject. They

They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Trials*: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Persons* abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: To these approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos*, and assign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mentioned, in the study of *Butterflies*, *Shells*, *Birds-nests*, *Moss*, etc. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the *Minute Philosophers* and *Free-thinkers*, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the *Magus* her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various kinds; confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his *Privileges*, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary virtue: The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of *Night* and *Chaos*, conclude the Poem.

B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light *
 Indulge dread Chaos, and eternal Night †!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent ‡.
 Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing ||,
 VOL. II, M m Suspend

R E M A R K S.

This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater and Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENT.

* This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be re-united to her. SCRIBL.

† Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

‡ This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *balues*, or imperfectly. SCRIBL.

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*; there were in it *Mysteries* or ἀπύρρητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

“ — more is meant than meets the ear.

BENT.

|| Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: for when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves Immortality *viz.* *Pindar*, *Luis Gongora*, *Ronsard*, *Oldham*, *Lyrics*, *Lycophron*, *Statius*, *Chapman*, *Blackmore*, *Heroics*; I find the one half to be

Suspend a while your Force inertly strong *,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay ; 10
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet † felt the madding hour ;
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order ‡, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal || a new World to mold §,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold **. 15

already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life ; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments ; preferred *Ennius*, to *Virgil*, and chosen to turn the dark Lanthorn of *LYCOPHRON*, rather than to trim the everlasting Lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBL.

* Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of Matter, which, though it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and Attributes of that sluggish Substance.

† The Poet introduceth this (as all great events are supposed by sage Historians to be preceded) by an *Eclipse of the Sun* ; but with a peculiar propriety, as the Sun is the *Emblem* of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulness. Very apposite likewise is it to make this *Eclipse*, which is occasioned by the *Moon's* predominancy, the very time when *Dulness* and *Madness* are in *Conjunction* ; whose relation and influence on each other the poet hath shewn in many places, Book i. ver. 29. Book iii. ver. 5, & seq.

‡ The two great Ends of her Mission ; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral ; the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals : *Light* as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

|| The Allegory continued ; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science ; *venal* to the destruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

§ In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise ; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

** *I. e.* Dull and venal.

She mounts the Throne : her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd *,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son † reclines. 20
Beneath her footstool ‡, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.

M m 2

There

* It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back-parts*. Virg. *Æn. et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit*. But this passage may admit of another exposition.—Vet. Adag. *the higher you climb, the more you shew your a——*. Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL.

† With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing ; having past thro' the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him ; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, “ if he was not as *seldom asleep as any fool* !” But it is hoped the Poet has not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243, of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, “ *the reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth.*” Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed ; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their *works* : And if in *those* he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity. BENTL.

Ibid. “ When I find my Name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For “ he considers that my Face is more known than most in the nation ; and “ therefore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to “ catch little readers.” Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press : Or else to what purpose hath he crown'd it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate ? BENT.

‡ We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless ; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished

There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound ;
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;
 His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality *, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page † the word. 30
 Mad *Matheſis* ‡ alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space || lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square §.
 But held in tenfold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's ** eye ;

There

ished, or driven away : *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as *Casuistry*, *Sophistry*, etc. but nothing like *Wit*, *Opera* alone supplying its place.

* *Morality* is the Daughter of *Astræa*. This alludes to the Mythology of the ancient Poets ; who tells us that in the *Gold* and *Silver* ages, or in the *State of Nature*, the Gods cohabited with men here on earth ; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a *Magistrate*, and that the Ages of *Brass* and *Iron* came on ; (that is, when Laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the Sword of Justice) the Celestials soon retired from Earth, and *Astræa* last of all ; and then it was she left this her Orphan Daughter in the hands of the *Guardians* aforesaid. SCRIBL.

† There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage—Tho' the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of our *Page*, who before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

‡ Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, etc.

|| I. e. Pure and defæcated from Matter.—*Extatic stare*, the action of Men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist, such as those who expect to find *Space* a real being.

§ Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the Circle*.

** One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Art* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licensor*, being the false representations to which they

There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
 But sober History * restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head:
 Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD †! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
 When lo! a Harlot form ‡ soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:

Foreign

they were expos'd, from such as either gratify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons.

* History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came *History* and *Satire* to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddesses, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says *Scriblerus*, which we thus resolve; *History* was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together, in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

† This noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. *Cibber*) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author, and myself, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages BENTL.

‡ The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :
 By fing'ring Peers up-held on either hand,
 She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand : 50
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.

O *Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train •
 Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign * :
 Chromatic tortures † soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One Trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting Stage ‡ ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or inore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns §,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.

the *Italian* Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

“ Already Opera prepares the way,

“ The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.”

* Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which prov'd so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch work abovementioned.

† That species of the antient music called the *Chromatic* was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They say it was invented about the time of *Alexander*, and that the *Spartans* forbade the use of it as languid and effeminate.

‡ I. e. Dissipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs; and subdue the *Patbos* of the other by recitative and sing-song.

§ Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Plæbus* of French extraction, married to the princess *Galimatbia*, one of the hand-maids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation,

SCIBL.

But

But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense :
 Strong in new Arms, lo ! Giant HANDEL stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.

Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet * blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway †,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide ‡, by sure Attraction led, 75
 And strong impulsive gravity of head || :

None

* *Posterior*, viz. her *second* or *more certain* Report ; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*.

“ She blows not both with the same Wind,

“ But one before and one behind ;

“ And therefore modern Authors name

“ One good, and t' other evil Fame.”

† In this new world of Dulness each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the System. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and *simple impulse of Attraction*, are represented as falling directly down into her ; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre.

“ — all their centre found,

“ Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.”

The *second*, tho' within the sphere of her *attraction*, yet having at the same a time *projectile* motion, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off :

“ Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,

“ Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.”

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system : sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their Perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral World, as that of *Comets* in the natural, namely to refresh and recreate the dryness and decays of the system ; in the manner marked out from ver. 91 to 98.

‡ The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life : They are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and introducers into all places.

|| VER.

THE DUNCIAD. Book IV.

None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around,
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels *, more advance her cauſe,
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits, 90

|| VER. 76 to 101. It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imagined in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of ſuch, as though not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcriblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and Men of taſte in aſts they underſtand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

* Such as thoſe, who aſſect to oppoſe her Government, by ſetting up for patrons of Letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The conſequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modeſt and reſerved; and the *faſe*, forward and preſuming; and the Judge eaſily impoſed upon; Fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the Poet ſaid of one of theſe Patrons,

“Dryden alone, (what wonder?) *came not nigh,*

“Dryden alone *eſcap'd this judging eye.*”

And thus, as he rightly obſerves, theſe weak Rebels unwittingly advance the cauſe of her they would be thought moſt to oppoſe.

For while no rewards are given for the Encouragement of Letters, Genius will ſupport itſelf on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue diſtribution of the rewards of Learning will entirely depreſs or diſguſt all true genius; which now not only finds itſelf robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwiſe have won for itſelf. For, as the courſe of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalſhip, is rather attendant on favour and high ſtation, than on the ſimple endowments of Wit and Learning. Hence we conclude that un'eſs the Province of encouraging Letters be wiſely and faith'ul y adminiſtr'd, it were better for them that there were no encouragement at all.

Nor

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great ;
 Who false to Phœbus *, bow the knee to Baal ;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head ;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown ;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
 And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muses Hypocrit †. 100
 There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air ; 105
 His stretch'd out arm display'd a Volume fair ;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side ‡ :
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson || thrust him by : 110
 On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name,
 The decent Knight § retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.

VOL. II.

N n

But

* Spoken of the antient and true *Phœbus* ; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach.

SCRIBL.

† In this division are reckoned up, 1. The Idolizers of Dulness in the Great, — 2. Ill Judges, — 3. Ill Writers, — 4. Ill Patrons. But the *last, and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty ; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others,

‡ As being of no one party.

|| This man endeavour'd to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton* ; and afterward by as great a passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a Scotch physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

But (happy for him as the times went then *) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness smiling,—“ Thus revive the Wits † !
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
 A new Edition of old Æson ‡ gave ;
 Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,
 And you, my Critics ! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A Page ||, a Grave, that they can call their own ;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick, 130
 So by each Bard § an Alderman shall sit **,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit † †,

And

§ An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expense.

* VER. 115, etc.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last Edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespear should be published.

† The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of Learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers ; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances ; or by setting up Monuments, disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

‡ Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored Authors)

“ Æson miratur,

“ Dissimilemque animum subit”

|| For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author ? or what less than a Page can be allowed a living one ?

Ibid. *Pagena*, not *Pedissiquas*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant : no Poet having had a Page since the death of Mr. Thomas Pursey.

SCRIBL.

§ Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

** Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

†† How unnatural an image ! and how ill supported, saith *Aristarchus*. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at ev'ry Lord,

something

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first Address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance*.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand †; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs:

Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.

All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:

something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of *Hudibras*, whose *body*, long since weighed down to the Grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his *Spirit*; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was only, *that he had pick'd gold out of another man's dung*; whereas the Editor has pick'd it out of his own.

SCRIBL.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling: and but just shaken off his *Load* when he wrote the following Epigram.

" My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,

" Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:

" But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,

" And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.

" What? on Compulsion? and against my Will,

" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.

* This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit have on Blockheads. For as Judgment consists in finding out the *differences* in things, and Wit in finding out their *likenesses*, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving, examining, confuting, etc.* while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praise, *Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, etc.*

† A cane usually borne by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury.

SCRIBL.

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches * close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone. 150
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter †,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning †, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide ||.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155

As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,

We ply the Memory, we load the brain,

Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath § ;

And keep them in the pale of Words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,

We hang one jingling padlock on the mind ** :

A Poet the first day, he dips his quill ;

And what the last ? a very Poet still.

Pity ; the charm works only in our wall, 165

Loft, loft too soon in yonder House or Hall ††.

* An effect of Fear somewhat like this, is described in the viiith Æneid,

“ Contremuit nemus —

“ Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora nates,”

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on what-
ever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author
would insinuate these youthful senators (tho' so lately come from school) to
be under the undue influence of any *Master*. SCRIBL.

† The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of
Virtue and Vice.

“ Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.

Perf.

‡ This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index hand be-
fore) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of hu-
man nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life.

|| A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the
Table of Cebes.

§ By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them
with endless matter for Conversation, and Verbal amusement for their whole
lives.

** For youth being used like Pack-horses and beaten under a heavy load
of Words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the
Words jingle in rhyme or metre.

†† Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

There

There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more !
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast !
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost ! 170
 Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can ;
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man *.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant † Reign ! 175
 Some gentle JAMES ‡, to bless the land again ;

To

* Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "an Epic Poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

† The matter under debate is how to confine men to Words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts ; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive Tyranny than that of Grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary power* ; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *sounds* ; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing* ; but that sufficient, the *Doctrine of Divine right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under Arbitrary government but the *Verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such Governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of Scholiasts and Grammarians so soon overspread the Light of Greece and Rome, when once those famous Communities had lost their Liberties. Another reason is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richlieu had destroyed the poor remains of his Country's liberties, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French Academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters-patent of his erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered : He told the assembly, that it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate ; who, when he

bad

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School ! 180
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day *,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

had deprived them of the cognizance of Public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best Sauce for a Turbot.

† Wilson tells us that this King, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from God to Him. "The Principles of "Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says the Author of the Dissertation "on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some "old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that in- "glorious reign."

* And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

" ——— *nunquam Libertas gratior existat*

" *Quam sub Rege pia:*"

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

" ——— *nunquam Libertas gratior existat*

" *Quam sub Lege pia,*"

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: And therefore she might allude to it.

SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege*; so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: It should be *exit*, not *existat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as under a good King: It being, without doubt, a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Enay on Crit.

"Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrain'd,

"By the same laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTL.

O! if

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain, 185
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
 May you, my Cam, and Isis preach it long:
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call *, around the Goddesses roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal: 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends †.

Nor

* The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so prompt at the call of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine Right of Kings, to be the friends of Aristotle; for this philosopher, in his politics, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were, by nature, made to serve, and others to command.

† A Satire on SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Peripatetism, and is the Art of making a great deal from nothing, in Theology; and nothing from a great deal, in Physics.

Ibid. The Philosophy of Aristotle had suffered a long disgrace in this learned University: being first expelled by the Cartesian, which, in its turn, gave place to the Newtonian. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to Baal, nor acknowledged any strange God in Philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddesses, come out like Confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their Master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr. Coll y Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this various fortune of Aristotle relates not to his natural, but his moral Philosophy. For speaking of that University in his time, he says, *They seemed to have as implicit a Reverence for Shakespear and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS of Aristotle.* See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, viz. while He and the Players were at Oxford.

Ibid. It appears by this the Goddesses had been careful of keeping up a Succession, according to the rule,

"Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,

"Anteveni; et sobolem armento fortire quotannis."

It is remarkable with what dignity the Poet here describes the friends of this ancient Philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum videre voles Epicuri de giege Porcum.* But the word *Drove*, *Armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour,

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church * long kept prudishly away]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician still expelling Locke †,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz ‡, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.
 As many quit the streams § that murmur fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where

honour, as the most noble *Festus* the Grammarian assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum*. And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head*.

SCRIBL.

* This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body*. BENTL.

† In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

‡ There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses shall ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *Names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBL.

Tho' I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the *literal* sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it [and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback] yet still I must needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned *Chiron*, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but down right plain men, tho' Logicians; and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, tho' awkwardly, at an elegant Grecism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness or strength; as ἰππολάπαθον, ἰππολόλαυσον, ἰππομάχετον, and particularly ἱππογινωσκων, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port *.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch ;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark :
 His Hat †, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 Mistrefs ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt—is¹ Aristarchus ‡ yet unknown ? 210
 The mighty Scholiast whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics || like me shall make it Prose again. 214

§ The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation.

* Viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. *SCIP. MAFF. De Computationibus Academicis.*

† The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect : yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.

‡ A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.

SCRIBL.

|| Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton ; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most-beggarly prose—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime ; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class ; the words *make it prose again*, plainly shewing that prose it was, tho' ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task ; and commission them to dismount what *Aristophanes* calls *Πῦμαθ, ἡ ὑπερβολή*, all *prose on horse-back*.

SCRIBL.

Roman and Greek Grammarians ! know your Better :
 Author or something yet more great than Letter *
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul †,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te* †, of *aut* or *at*, 220
 To found or sink in *cano* O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K ‖.
 Let Friend § affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop § never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny would deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply **:
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas †† for unlicens'd Greek.

In

* Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

† Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long-projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

‡ It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written : Had it been about *Meum* and *Tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read *Me doctarum bede æ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum bederæ*.---By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *Meum* and *Tuum*, which is a mistake : For, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the countrs of Wise-men, but the money of fools* ; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

‖ Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words : *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim*.—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Fbil.*

§ Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christchurch.—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

** Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

†† The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous

In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er*,
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
 See hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole; 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress † ! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface ‡ we but lie and nod,
 Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
 And much Divinity without a *Nûc* ||.

O o 2

Nor

barous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

* These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

† By this it appears the Dunces and Fops, mentioned verse 139, 140. had a contention of rivalry for the Goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil.

SCRIBL.

‡ So that the station of a *Professor* is only a kind of legal Noticer to inform us where the *shattered bulk* of Learning lies sunk; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either Master or Patron, we may wish, with Horace, may lie there still.

“ ——— Nonne vides, ut

“ Nudum remigio latus?

“ ——— non tibi sunt integra lintea;

“ Non Dî, quo iterum pressa voces malo.

“ Quamvis pontica pinus,

“ Sylvæ filia nobilis,

“ Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.”

HOR.

|| A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius*, or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view. *Nûc* was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a *Nûc*: such as the Poet afterwards describes (speaking of these latter Platonists)

Nor could a BARROW * work on ev'ry block, 245
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See ! still thy own, the heavy Cannon † roll,
 And Metaphysic smokes ‡ involve the Pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read : 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it :
 So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
 And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
 What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool || 255
 Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool ?

Never

“ On that *bright Image* to our Fancy draw,
 “ Which *Theocles* in raptur'd Viſion ſaw,
 “ That *Nature*—etc.”

* Ifaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great Geniuſes and eloquent Preachers ; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in Claſſical Learning ; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

† Canon here, if ſpoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number ; if of the *Canons of the Houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one* : in which caſe I ſuſpect the *Pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *Poll* or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomaſia* or *Pun*. But what of that ? Is any figure of ſpeech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her and her children, eſpecially of the Univerſity ? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the Character of Dulneſs, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel ; yet *Milton* feared not to put a conſiderable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the Devil was the Author as well of falſe Wit, as of falſe Religion, and that the Father of Lies was alſo the Father of Puns. But this is idle : It muſt be owned a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the Fathers, and in latter by moſt of the Sons of the Church ; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the ſhameleſs Paſſion for *Wit* overthrew every thing : and even then the beſt writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, under the name of the *Double entendre*.

SCR BL.

‡ Here the learned Ariſtarchus ending the firſt member of his Harangue in behalf of *Words*, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *Things*, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *Middle nature* between words and things : communicating, in its obſcurity, with *Subſtance*, and, in its emptineſs, with *Names*.

SCRIBL.

|| Hitherto

BOOK IV. THE DUNCIAD.

Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :
 Full in the mid of Euclid dip at once.
 And petrify a Genius * to a Duncce :
 Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
 Then take him to devellop, if you can,
 And hew the Block off †, and get out the Man. 270
 But

|| Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He shews greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things without profit. For with the *better sort of fool* the first expedient is, ver. 254 to 258, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the Sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him ; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shews, ver. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with Rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with Dispute*. But if, after all, the Pupil will needs *learn* a science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious Sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely ; the man of Wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in Metaphysics ; and the man of Judgment *marr'd*, without his parents consent, to a *Muse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern Education, used partially, and diversified according to the Subject and the Occasion : But there is one general Method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267 to 270, and that is *AUTHORITY*, the universal CEMENT, which fills the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter, shuts up all the pores of *living* substances, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if Nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the Man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The Poet alludes to this Master-piece of the Schools in ver. 301 where he speaks of *Vessels to a name*.

* Those who have no Genius, employed in works of imagination ; those who have, in abstract sciences.

But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and * lac'd Governor † from France.
 Walker ! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away ‡.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
 And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place :

Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen ||. 280

When thus th' attendant Orator § begun,
 Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd Son :
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ! never fear'd with God †.

The

† A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of superfluous parts.

* Why *lac'd* ? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight how this Governor came from France ? Know ? Why, by the laced coat.

‡ Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore, and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen ; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor ; but placed the Whore first, as she usual y governs both the other.

§ See Homer *Odys.* xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the *Traveller*, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the *Travelling* and the *University* tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjusted it to the former ; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBL.

|| Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

§ The Governor above said. The Poet gives him no particular name ; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBL.

† i. e.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake :

285

The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake *.

Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man †,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past ‡ :

† i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying *Names*. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the *Priest*, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finish what the nurse began*. SCRIB.

* Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this *blessing* should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seem'd to be prayed for. And after many strange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd,
which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition, and learned conjecture: the *blessing of a rake* signifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wish'd her son might be a *Rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *Blessings* would follow of course.

† Nature hath bestow'd on the human species two states or conditions, *Infancy* and *Manhood*. Wit sometimes makes the *first* disappear, and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulness annihilates *both*. For want of *apprehension* in Boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them *assured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *assurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*.

‡ See Virg. Æn. i.

“ At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,

“ At multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu.

“ Cernere ne quis eos; — 1. neu quis contingere possit;

“ 2. Mollivæ moram; — aut 3. veniendi potere causas.”

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no body might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.

Thence

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls : 300
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines.
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales*,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine § where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the || Lion of the Deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 130
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare,
 His royal Sense of Opera's or the Fair ;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *bors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd † ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ; 320

* *Tuberoses.*

§ These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

|| The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce ; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*.

† It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound * !
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo † in his head ;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Janfen, Fleetwood, Cibber ‡ shall think fit ;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone !
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive || (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores §,
 Prop thine, O Empress ! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero and the Dame, 335
 Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.

* Yet less a Body than Echo itself ; for Echo reflects *Sense* or *Words* at least, this Gentleman only *Airs* and *Tunes* :

“ — *Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.*”

Ovid Met.

So that this was not a Metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a Resolution of the Soul into its true Principles ; its real Essence being Harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the Inventor of the Opera, who first performed to a select assembly of Beasts.

SCRIB.

† With nothing but a *Solo* ? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else ? Palpable tautology ! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTL.

‡ Three very eminent persons, all Managers of Plays ; who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the Education of Youth : and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, etc.

|| This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

§ For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the Throne of Dulness, even by the confession of those her most legitimate Sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious *Varini* in his divine encomiums on our Goddess, intitled, *De Admirandis Naturæ Reginae Deaque mortalium Arcanis*, laments that he was not born a Bastard : *O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem torum esset procreatus !* etc. He expatiates on the prerogatives of a *free birth*, and on what he would have done for the Great Mother with those advantages ; and then sorrowfully concludes, *At quia Conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.*

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling fort,
 Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
 Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend
 No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel * ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
 She pity'd ! but her Pity only shed 345
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius †, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand ‡,
 False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,

* The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*.

† The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

‡ The Poet seems here, as Wits are ever licentious, to upbraid this useful Member of Society for his *well-dissembled em'rald*; whereas in truth it was by that circumstance he should have been commended. This worthy person was, I suppose, a Factor between the poor and rich, to supply these with their imaginary wants, and to relieve those from their real ones. Now I ask, how can this Factorage be carried on without well dissembling? The rich Man wants an Em'rald; his want is allowed on all hands to be imaginary. And what fitter for an imaginary want than an imaginary em'rald? For Philosophers agree, that *imaginations* are not to be cured by their contrary *realities*, but to be removed, if troublesome, by other *imaginations*; and these again in their turn, by other. Consider it in another light. An Em'rald, we agree, is an imaginary want; but an Em'rald of Golconda is much more so. Now if, in a *true Em'rald of France*, the colour, the lustre, and the bulk, be all improv'd, what is wanting in it, that may be thought to concur to that solid happiness, which we find an Em'rald is capable of giving to enlarged, and truly improved Minds? Certainly, nothing but that Golcondical substantial form, which is neither seen, felt, nor understood; a certain essential uncula, or as we may say, *esprit folet*, with which substances had been for many ages possessed, but is lately sneaked out of matter, is no longer in nature, nor (what is more to the purpose) no longer in fashion. SCRIBL.

Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep, 351
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat*,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360

Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl †,
Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops ‡ clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;

Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;

Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370

Mummius || o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd §,
Who like his Cheops ** stinks above the ground,

P p 2 Fierce

* Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENT.

† The Owl stamp'd on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which *Chalcis* Gods, and Mortals call an *Owl*,
is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσ' Οἰοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Κόρινθιοι.

‡ The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniiuses made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

|| This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes * ? Traitor base ! 375
Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
From foolish Greeks, to steal them, was as wise :
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep, 380
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian Gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God †, with pious care
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

§ A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making Fools*.

** A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummies; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

* The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Borrasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his Road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyon, where he found his antient friend the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to enquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him *Whether the Medals were of the bigger Empire ?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

† They are called *esal* on their Coins.

Witness

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annus) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas * lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ; 395
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand they went.

Then thick as Locusts † black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
 A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 400
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r, 405
 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r :
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button'tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE ‡ :
 Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth Divine !
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?

* A physician of great Learning and no less Taste ; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

† The similitude of *Locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuosi : who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their *Course* of experiments ; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched. SCRIBL.

‡ It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising : Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline*.

Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, Charming ! and no youth, Divine !
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades *,
 He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen :
 Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
 The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
 It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 430
 Rose or Carnation was below my care ;
 I meddle, Goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless *Butterfly*.
 My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends †. 440
 The common Soul, of Heav'ns more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake.

* It is a trite observation, that men have always placed the happiness of their fancied *Elysium* in something they took most delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradise consist in young maidens, always virgins : Our modester votary warms his imagination only with Carnations always in bloom ; which, alluding, at the same time, to the perpetual spring of the old Elysian fields, give an inimitable pleasantry, as well as decorum, to the conclusion of his Pray'r.

† Of whom see ver. 345, above.

A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest *, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss †; 450
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' ‡ wings.

O! would the Sons of Men || once think their Eyes
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies*!
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the Author of the whole escape;
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.
 Be that my task (replies a gloomy § Clerk,
 Sworn foe to Myst'ry yet divinely dark; 460

Whose

* I. e. When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

† Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.

‡ One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

|| This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the Educators of Youth, he shews them how all civil Duties may be extinguished in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

§ The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of

an

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When Moral Evidence * shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow †, 465
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori Road ‡,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God § :

Make

an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems.

* Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologia Christiana Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago ; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddess ; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

† In these lines are described the *Disposition* of the rational Inquirer ; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful ; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, *plain and sure experience* ; which tho' supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of nature*.

‡ Those who, from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discovers so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness : whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

§ This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible World* to an *invisible God*, took the other road ; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles

Make Nature still * inroach upon his plan;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place; 475
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space †.
 Or, at one bound ‡ o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in Self ||, and but for self be born: 480
 Of nought so certain as our Reason still §,
 Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will **.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius †† drew, a God like Thee:

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principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned *dōw wards*, to a *visible world* in theory, of Man's Creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil* which they saw in his world, to doubt of that God, whose Being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.

* This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it intirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, etc.*

† The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

‡ These words are very significant: In their Physical and Metaphysical reasonings it was a *Chain* of pretended *Demonstrations* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in Morals rest only on bold and impudent *Affertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they *over-leap* all the laws of Argument as well as Truth.

|| Here the Poet from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral. Man was made according to *God's Image*; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his Reason. The next of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride*: as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*.

§ Of which we have most cause to be diffident.

** Two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

†† Lib. i. ver. 57.

" Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse' est

" Immortali avo summa cum pace fruatur,

" Semota

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.

Or that bright Image * to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles † in raptur'd vision saw,
 While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves ‡; 490

That

“ *Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe —*

“ *Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*”

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddesses.

SCRIBL.

* *Bright Image* was the Title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright that they called it *Αυτοπτην Αλαμνα*, or the *Self-seen Image*, i. e. seen by its own light.

This *Ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the North; and the writings of *Geddes*, and other followers of *Hatchefsa*, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-seen Image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else.

SCRIBL.

Ib. I. e. Let it be either the *Chance God* of Epicurus, or the *FATs* of this Goddesses.

† Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions:

“ To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun

“ With his first beams adorns the front

“ Of yonder Hill, if you're content

“ To wander with me in the Woods you see,

“ We will pursue those Loves of ours,

“ By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

“ and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain at least some

“ faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*.” *Charact.*

Vol. ii. p. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (pag. 345.) by the same Philosopher:

“ — O glorious *Nature*!

“ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!

“ All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!

“ Wise Substitute of Providence! *impow'r'd*

“ *Creatress*! or THOU *impow'ring Deity*,

“ *Supreme Creator*!

“ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.”

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.] — *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum et Natura.*

‡ “ Above all things I loved *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those who reason-

“ ed

That NATURE our Society adores *,
Where Tindal † dictates and Silenus ‡ snores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire || ;
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down, 495
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddesses *Dame*.
Then thus. From Priestcraft § happily set free,
Lo ! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee : 500

Q q 2

First

" ed most at their Ease, and were never angry or disturbed, as those called
" *Sceptics* never were. I looked upon this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest*,
" *agreeablest*, *roving Exercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined." Vol. ii.
p. 206.

* See the *Panttheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland*,
which very lately, for the Edification of the *Society*, has been translated into
English, and sold by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster.

† It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism
was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author's officious
zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as
soon have found a Wolf in England as an *Atheist* ? The truth is the whole
species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning
the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Ashenurst, gave it to
Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great Man of the
truth, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheists*, he always read it *Atheist*.
But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this ex-
ploit to a latter *Boylean Lecturer*. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, a-
gainst Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of Expres-
sion, *It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attri-
butes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world*,
p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their
dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was
the Monster-queller. But what of that ? Since the thing is done, and the
proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circum-
stances.

SCRIBL.

‡ Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog.
vi. where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink.

|| The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi.
Semina ignis—semina flammæ.

§ The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he,
by this, as if the *PARASTS* (who are always plotting mischief against the
Lato of Nature) had inveigled these harmless Youths from the bosom of their
Mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the
charm

First slave to Words *, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party ; child and man the same ;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen † ?
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth ;
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in Pension, or in Punk ! 510
 So K* so B* sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave,
 Poor W* * nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now ? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast ! 515
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess ! shall perform the rest.
 With that, a WIZARD OLD ‡ his *Cup* || extends ;
 Which who-so tastes, forgets his former friends §,

Sire,

charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind.

* A Recapitulation of the whole Course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools ; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities ; and deludes them with the names of *Party distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking ; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

† I. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

‡ Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddess, which the Poet in his Invocation, ver. 5, promised to sing. For when now each Aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the HIGH-PRIEST of Dulness first initiateth the Assembly by the usual way of *Libation*. And then each of the Initiated, as was always required, putteth on a new *Nature*, described in ver. 530. *Firm Impudence*, and *Stupefaction mild*, which the Antient Writers on the *Mysteries* call τὴν ψυχῆς ἵππην the great proper fulcrum of the human mind. When the High Priest and Goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his Conductor, an inferior Minister or *Herophant*, whose names are *Impudence*, *Stupefaction*, *Self-conceit*, *Self-interest*, *Pleasure*, *Epicurism*,

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies ;
A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain ; and Principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing ;
And nothing left but Homage to a King * !

529

Epicurism, etc. to lead them thro' the several apartments of her Mystic Dome or Palace. When all this is over, the sovereign Goddess, from ver. 565 to 600, conferreth her *Titles* and *Degrees* ; rewards inseparably attendant on the participation of the *Mysteries* : which made the antient *Theon* say of them—*καλὰ δὲ αὖ ἐν τῶν μυστικῶν ἀγαθῶν τὸ μυστικὸν μετέχιν*. Hence being enriched with so many various Gifts and Graces, *Initiation* into the *Mysteries* was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, shutteth up the Solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her Children to rest. It is to be observed that *DULNESS*, before this her Restoration had her Pontiffs in *partibus* ; who from time to time held her *Mysteries* in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her Re-establishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the *Cretans* (the most ancient of all *Mysteries*) in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.

¶ *The Cup of Self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, or Honour ; and of the Service of God, or our Country ; all sacrificed to Vain-Glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

§ Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect ; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIB.

* So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous *Monf. de-la Bruyere* declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy : " Where (says he) " *there is no such thing as Love of our Country, " the Interest, the Glory, and Service of the Prince, supply its place.*" *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* author speaks, indeed a little more disrespectfully ; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, " *L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est " plus regardé que comme une Chimère ; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue " jusqu' à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit au- " trefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidélité.*" *Boulaingvilliers Hist. des Anciens Français de France*, etc.

The

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 525
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
 But, sad example ! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape*.

But she, good Goddesses † sent to ev'ry child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
 And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom ‡.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
 But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint, 535
 Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
 Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
 Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
 And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
 And empty heads console with empty sound.
 No more, alas ! the voice of Fame they hear,
 The balm of Dulness || trickling in their ear.

Great

* The effects of the Magus's Cup; by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's therefore took away the shape and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

† The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons.

‡ I. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal-Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-interest, &c. and the Cimmerian glooms, for the Pleasures of Opera and the Table.

SCRIBL.

|| The true Balm of Dulness, called by the Greek Physicians *Κολανθία*, is a Sovereign remedy against Inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddess herself. Its ancient Dispensators were her Poets; and for that reason our Author, Book ii. ver. 207, calls it the Poets healing balm: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared

by

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545

Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick Ambition hates to ridicule!

The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550

Beeves at his touch, at once to jelly turn,

And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:

The board with specious miracles he loads,

Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads*.

Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555

Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine †.

by the *Clergy*, as appears from several places of this poem: And by ver. 534, 535, it seems as if the *Nobility* had it made up in their own houses. This, which *Opera* is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my Dissertation on the *Silphium* of the *Antients*. BENTL.

• Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, etc. What relation have these to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay, it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimachio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *Libation and Song*. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of *French Cookery*, and that particularly *Pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish.

† French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

“ Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur

“ Villandri prîseroit sa *Seve* et sa *Verdeur*.”

Déspreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a *Nobleman in disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good Table*, and particularly to be attentive to *these Qualities* in his *Champaigne*.

What

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen * white, and expiate Hays's stain. 563
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,
 To three essential Partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
 The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court †,
 Impale

* Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1710 (afterwards pardoned in 1741.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. The former Note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *Wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

† Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished; or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*: who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespeare*, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good-nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's progress*, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulness of these Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting on his birth, in the words, *a Gentleman of the last Edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his birth but his adoption only: And mean no more than that he is become *a Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad*. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

" A brain





My Sons be proud, be selfish and be dull

Dunciad Book IV.

Impale a Glow-worm, or Virtú profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
 Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race *
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an annual feast,
 Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon †.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
 Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care !
 To Practice now from Theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull †.

VOL. II.

R r

Guard

“ A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead.”

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain, That worthless Band

“ Of ever-listless Loit'ers, that attend

“ No cause, no trust, no duty, and no Friend.”

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life ; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing : And so turn *Wits* and *Critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

* The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race ; He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-bird* or a *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-masons ; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

† A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-masons.

‡ We should be unjust to the reign of *Dulness*, not to confess that her's has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in Modern Governments, which is, that the public Education of her Youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her *Laws*, and the exertion of those *Virtues* she recommends. For what makes men *pronder* than the empty knowledge of *Words* ; what more *selfish* than the Free-thinker's *System of Morals* ; or duller than the profession of true *Virtuosity* ? Nor are her *Institutions* less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her Sons, and with great truth, that “ all her commands are *easy, short, and full*.” For is any thing in nature more *easy* than the

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own *,
 The Cap and Switch † be sacred to his Grace ; 585
 With Staffs and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race ;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun ;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to filk Arachne's subtile line ‡ ; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call || ;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the ball ;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury !)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye ;

the exertion of *Pride*; more *short* and *simple* than the principle of *Selfishness*; or more *full* and *ample* than the sphere of *Dulness*? Thus, Birth, Education, and wise Policy, all concurring to support the throne of our Goddess, great must be the strength thereof.

SCRIBL.

* This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

† The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, *John of Leiden*, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, *Knipperdolling*, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing.

SCRIBL.

‡ This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the *Phil. Trans.*

|| Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intitled, *A call of Serjeants*.

The

The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595

And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,

Teach Kings to fiddle *, and make Senates dance †.

Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,

Proud to my list to add one Monarch more : 600

And nobly conscious. Princes are but things

Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,

Tyrant supreme ! shall three Estates command,

And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND !

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods :

What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ‡ ? 606

Churches and Chapels || instantly it reach'd :

(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)

Then catch'd the Schools ; the Hall scarce kept awake ;

The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak § : 610

R r 2

Loft

* An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican.

† Either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

‡ This verse is truly Homeric ; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssey*.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn* ; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner : Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with *Roar* ; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.

|| The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels ; then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not : Next Westminster hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess : Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot : Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *loft* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer !) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment ; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

§ Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly

Loft was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm :
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ; 615
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each office slept ;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign ;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main *.

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories †, and Dunces none) 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest ;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull ‡ ;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong— 625

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song !

* * * * *

rightly observes. Therefore, beware Reader, lest thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest : by no means the disposition of the Convocation ; whose melancholy case in short is this : She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddess ; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a *Gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping* ; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked, and despised. BENTL.

* VER. 615, 618.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date.

† This seems to be the reason why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii. and Virgil, *Æn.* vii. But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed.

SCRIBL.

‡ It were a Problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his Patron, who had lights that we know nothing of ; — Which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet the Venal. For though the Venal may be more unruly than the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to intrance than barely to quiet.

SCRIBL.

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes * ! the sable Throne † behold
 Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old ! 630
 Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea*'s strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
 As *Argus*' eyes, by *Hermes*' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest :
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night : 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled ‡,
 Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy ||, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

Physic

* Here the Muse, like *Jove's Eagle*, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As *Prophecy* hath ever been one of the chief provinces of *Poesy*, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear ; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit : since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in *Divinity*, *Philosophy*, *Physic*, *Metaphysics*, etc. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

† The sable Thrones of *Night* and *Chaos*, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of *Fancy* and damp the Fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

‡ Alluding to the saying of *Democritus*, That *Truth* lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her : Though *Butler* says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out.*

|| *Philosophy* has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the *first Cause* ; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this *Philosophy*, which is founded in the principle of *Gravitation*, first considered that property in matter, as something extrinsical to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* * calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly † !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.

though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the occult qualities of the Peripatetics.

“ *Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam*

“ *Occultas magicisque pares ———*

“ *Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro*

“ *Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terrâ*

“ *Emergens, quicquid caliginis ac tenebrarum*

“ *Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim*

“ *In Physicæ studium : solitum dare nomina rebus,*

“ *Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo.*

Anti-Luer.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause of gravitation* in a certain *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*.

Philosophy that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,

Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity* ? See this folly censured, v. 475.

* Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body* ; which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning : While others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a Revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither Soul nor Body ; nor, the Sciences of Physics and Metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another.

† A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all Truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it ; certain defenders of Religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of Religion may be mathematically demonstrated ; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic Principles* of Religion, *natural* and *revealed* ; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine.

Religion

Religion * blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* † expires. 650
 Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine* !
 Lo ! thy dread Empire, CHAOS ! is restor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall : 655
 And universal Darkness buries All.

* *Blushing* as well at the memory of the *past* overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other Lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

† It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the *Characteristics*, who has written a formal treatise on *Virtue*, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of Religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that *Morality* would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprize such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love *Virtue*, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

The END of the FOURTH BOOK.



By the AUTHOR
A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, ¹ beginning with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand

¹ Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing "the entire sum of *one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-four verses*," instead of "*one thousand and twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind:) The Editor himself confess'd as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of *Paradise Lost*, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic; And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the
DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN
and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER ' to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat
surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a
man of the highest distinction and character, either in
the state or literature, the public in general afford it a
most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as fa-
vourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves:
whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance
to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and

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1 Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Dargen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," etc. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that

art

it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets², advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred³ thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new

art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a-year, or more, the common News-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled License of the press, had assailed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the bookfellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design.

² See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

³ It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Tho' I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of Notes and remarks upon it, *etc.*—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with much masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice* of Praise, *etc.*" (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

world

world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author⁴ of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked⁵ no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly⁶ nothing in his stile and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an

⁴ A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

⁵ The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose duineness, impudent scurrility or self conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

⁶ This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full 7 six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow on it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

“ O mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos,

“ Duncia !”

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of

7 This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, pref. to *Sawney*. “ We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great complement to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life,” &c. So also Ward, pref. to *Durgen*, “ The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.”

They just as well understood what Scriblers said of the poem.

8 The prefacer to *Curl's key*. p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: “ By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.” Mr. W. and also follows him in the same opinion.

some

some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day; in like manner as when the old bought wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. *etc.* but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

A LIST

II.

A LIST of
BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearfal. or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-shew at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, esq. printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate: or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Time; or an account of the writings, characters, *etc.* of several gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, *etc.*

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Essays,

“*Essays, etc.* By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It
 “was for a passage of this Book that Sir Richard was
 “put into the *Dunciad*.”) And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the *Dunciad*. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared,
 “That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and Ad-
 “vertisements was forged and untrue : that all mouths
 “had been silent, except in Mr. Pope’s praise; and
 “nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theo-
 “bald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the *Dunciad*;
 with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person
 never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed
 for J. Roberts, octavo.

A compleat Key to the *Dunciad*. By E. Curl, 12mo,
 pr. 6 d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions,
 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl. extracted from J. Dennis,
 Sir Richard Blackmore, *etc* 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curiad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female *Dunciad*. Collected by the same Mr.
 Curl, 12mo. price 6 d. With the Metamorphosis of P.
 into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By
 J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The *Dunciad* dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas,
 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present
 Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C.
 Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from
 Bouhours, with new Reflections, *etc.* By John Old-
 mixon, octavo.

Remarks on the *Dunciad*. By Mr. Dennis, dedica-
 ted to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, sign'd W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter sign'd Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which any body should send as " Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and " published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Coyent-Garden, octavo.

ADVER-

A P P E N D I X.

III.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto,
1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, tho' the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man thinks the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly value themselves.

ADVER-

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO the FIRST EDITION of
The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when
printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors*; or any *letters sent us* (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVER-

V.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal Reflections, which furnish'd him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, *a more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel*: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity*; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*.

W. W.

VI.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Post*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

A PARALLEL

VII.

PARALLEL of the CHARACTERS

MR. DRYDEN and MR. POPE.

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN.

His Politics, Religion, Morals.

MR. Dryden is a more temperate than moderate, not-
 try, and good temper. A true representation of
 monarchical Church. A republican Abolish. Dry-
 den was from the beginning an ardent, and I doubt
 not will continue to the last.

In the Poem called Absalom and Achish, are honori-
 only treated. The King, the Queen, the Lords
 and Gentlemen, not only their honours, but
 exposed, but the whole Nation and its Representa-
 tives notoriously libell'd. It is a common saying,
 yes of Majesty itself.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like
 the Pope, to whom he is a bitter persecutor. His very
 Christianity may be questioned. He ought to expect

VII.

A

PARALLEL of the CHARACTERS

O F

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense¹. A true republican son of monarchical Church². A republican Atheist³. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last⁴.

In the Poem called *Abfalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons expos'd, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libell'd. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself⁵.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor⁶. His very christianity may be questioned⁷. He ought to expect

¹ Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.² Pag. 38.³ Pag. 191.⁴ Pag. 8.⁵ Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Jauncy, 1682. Pref.⁶ Ibid.⁷ Milbourn, p. 9.

more

VII.

A

PARALLEL of the CHARACTERS

O F

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning¹. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent². Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and high flyer³. He is both whig and tory⁴.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments⁵.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, etc. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL⁶.

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings⁷. His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire

¹ Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii. ² Dunciad dissected. ³ Pref. to Gulliveriana. ⁴ Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ⁵ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 12, 1728. ⁶ List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. ⁷ Dennis's Remarks on Hom. p. 27.

more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others¹. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility².

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre³. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question⁴.

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admir'd in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil⁵; and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator⁶. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, *etc.* requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket-racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression⁷.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase⁸. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly⁹. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity¹⁰.

¹ Ibid. p. 175. ² Pag. 39. ³ Whip and Key, Pref. ⁴ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. ⁵ Milbourn, p. 2. ⁶ Pag. 35.
⁷ Pag. 12, and 192. ⁸ Milbourn, p. 72. ⁹ Pag. 203. ¹⁰ Pag. 78.

and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles¹. It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome².

Mr. P O P E only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit³. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse⁴.

Mr. P O P E's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene⁵. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge⁶.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his Thoughts nor English in his expressions⁷.

Mr. P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little⁸. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that

¹ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

² Dedication to the Collection of

Verses, Letters, etc. p. 9.

³ Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.

⁴ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

⁵ Dennis's Remarks on

Pope's Homer, p. 12.

⁶ Ibid. p. 14.

⁷ Character of Mr. P. p. 17.

and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

⁸ Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author'. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer*! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but $\dot{\alpha}\chi\omega\rho$ for $\dot{\iota}\chi\omega\rho$ must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press². Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use³.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers⁴.

Mr. DRYDEN trick'd his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name⁵. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets⁶.

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

AN APE.] A crafty Ape drest up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him⁷.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all⁸.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox⁹.

1 Pag. 206. 2 Pag. 19. 3 Pag. 144, 190. 4 Pag. 67. 5 Pag. 192.
6 Pag. 125. 7 Whip and Key, Pref. 8 Milb. p. 105.
9 Pag. 11.

A COWARD.]

he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ¹. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ². I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies ³.

But he has a notable Talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ⁴.

Mr. P O P E trick'd his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of ⁵. Pope has been concerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers ⁶.

Names bestowed on Mr. P O P E.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, *viz.* APE, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face ⁷, *etc.*

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass ⁸.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox ⁹.

¹ Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. ² Suppl. to the Profund, Pref. ³ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ⁴ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.
⁵ Homerides, p. 1, *etc.* ⁶ British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. ⁷ Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. ⁸ Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref.
⁹ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage ¹.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty ².

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool ³,—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads ⁴.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden ⁵.

¹ Milb. pag. 176. ² Pag. 57. ³ Whip and Key, Pr. ⁴ Milb. P. 34. ⁵ Ibid. 33.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward ¹.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty ².

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer ³.

A THING.] A little abject Thing ⁴.

¹ Char. of Mr. P. p. 3.

² Ibid.

³ Dennis Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

⁴ Ibid. 8.



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I N D E X



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